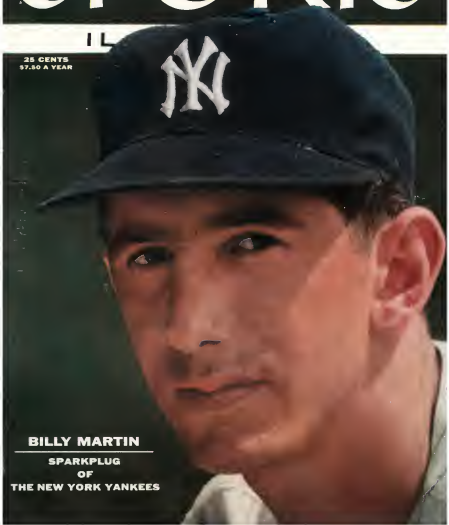


APRIL 23, 1956

# SPORTS

IL

25 CENTS  
\$7.50 A YEAR

A close-up, color photograph of Billy Martin, a young man with dark hair, wearing a dark blue New York Yankees baseball cap with the white 'NY' logo. He is looking slightly to the left of the camera with a serious expression. The background is dark and out of focus.

**BILLY MARTIN**  

---

SPARKPLUG  
OF  
THE NEW YORK YANKEES



**Stronger on the inside . . .** More than 32,000 crushing pounds of pressure crumple the steel wheel—yet not one single 3-T Nylon Cord is broken. Goodyear 3-T Nylon Cord protects you against sudden, dangerous blowouts.

## NEW 3-T NYLON TUBELESS TIRE

by **GOODYEAR**

**Stops 24% quicker at  
40 miles an hour!**



**Safer on the outside!** Goodyear's new Twin-Grip tread gives you up to 24% more stopping ability. See how this extra stopping power kept Goodyear Engineer Mel Wilson from harm, while the car with new tires having ordinary-type treads crashed into the dummy in its path.

8640 traction edges give you a margin of safety that can save a

life! This new Goodyear 3-T Nylon tubeless tire is standard equipment on some of America's finest new cars. It will fit the wheels of your car, too, and it costs only a few dollars more than a standard tubeless tire. Goodyear, Akron 16, Ohio.

This new Twin-Grip tread design is also available in a tube-type 3-T Nylon Custom Super-Cushion.



**Styled for today's fine cars—** with a smartly modern, clean-lined design that complements the functional beauty of the car.

**MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND!**

**3-T NYLON CUSTOM TUBELESS SUPER-CUSHION**

by **GOODYEAR**

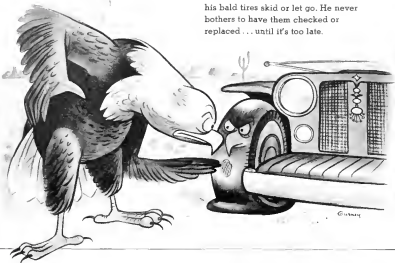


There's a Goodyear dealer near you. See him for better  
tire values . . . better tire care . . . convenient credit terms.

SUPER-CUSHION, S. M., The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

## THE Balding Eagle

You'll hear this bird scream when his bald tires skid or let go. He never bothers to have them checked or replaced... until it's too late.



THE Smart Bird knows his tires give best service when he gives them good care. He makes sure they're properly inflated at all times and replaces them when the tread wears thin.

The Smart Bird gets best service from his engine, too. He always uses premium gasoline. Premium gasoline has a higher octane rating. It lets modern engines deliver top power... top mileage... top driving pleasure.



# It's smart to use premium gasoline

DRIVE MORE  
it gets cheaper  
by the mile!



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CORPORATION

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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

Now - the smartest men have holes in their shoes

Nettleton introduced the Italian-inspired Espresso shortly a year ago. And here it is, generously ventilated for summer. The Italian elegance and American convenience of the original remain: elasticized laces and elastic panels "under the heel" mean you can slip the shoe off and on without undressing! Like all Nettletons, these Espresso take four times longer to make than ordinary shoes, and cost a bit more. But it's extravagant to pay less! Nettletons start at \$4.95.

Nettleton

WHITE NETTLETON CO., SYRACUSE, N.Y. FOR STYLE BOOKLET OR VISIT: 1100 TOWN CENTER IN NEW YORK, LEXA, ALMA MARTIN, LOUISVILLE, PORTER'S, BIRMINGHAM, CLARK'S, TOLSON, THE WHITE HOUSE, BEAUFORT, HEIER & FRANK, PORTLAND, POTS, LAN, etc.

5



**COVER: BILLY MARTIN**  
*Photograph by Hy Peskin*

The young man in the dark-blue baseball cap who looks out from this week's cover is Billy Martin, the New York Yankees' talented, hotly competitive—and endlessly controversial—infielder. Billy grew up in Berkeley, Calif., played second base for the Oakland A's and was the Yankee star of the 1953 World Series. For Paul O'Neill's tale of Martin's adventures, see page 34.

Acknowledgments on page 45

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*Its century-old festivities, climaxed in the corridas, are traditional rites of spring in Spain*
- **THE BULLS OF DEATH** 25  
*They are the Minors, braves of bulls, and their nickname, as JOHN KOBLER shows, is aptly chosen*
- **THE CASE AGAINST THE IBC** 26  
*The plot of the government's anti-monopoly case against James D. Norris, et al., now coming to trial*
- **THE DAMNDEST YANKEE OF THEM ALL** 34  
*That's the tag that belongs to Mr. Billy Martin, infielder. PAUL O'NEIL tells you why*
- **HELL-BENT HYDROPLANES** 38  
*The latest news of the big, fast boats and their top designer, Leo Sisadacher, by JIM ATWATER*
- **20 MILLION FISHERMEN VS. 30 BILLION FISH** 48  
*Ed Zwart prospects the 1956 fresh-water season. With unusual fish portraits IN COLOR by MARTIN IGER*
- **LOOK MA! SAILOR SUITS!** 56  
*There's a fast new upheal in the nautical sale of children's clothes. Here is a gallery of them IN COLOR*

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- 36 **THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT**
- 54 **THE OUTDOOR WEEK**
- 65 **COMING EVENTS**
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- 72 **PAT ON THE BACK**
- 15 **Mailbox:** JIMMY IGMAL asks the wives of major league managers: Who will win in your league this season?
- 45 **Horses:** WHITNEY TOWER checks over the progress of the Derby hopefuls—and also notes that Swaps is under way again—and how!
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## IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

### CONVERSATION PIECE: SUBJECT: BOGART

After 11 o'clock "he thinks he's Bogart," but while out on the water—James Murray reports—Bogie is strictly a seller

### PLAY BALL! THE PANORAMA OF BASEBALL 1956

From the Executive arm in Washington to the sore arm (if any) in Kansas City, SI records highlights of the first games





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As you would expect, Alligator rainwear gives you wonderful protection in drizzle or downpour.

But you'll find yourself wearing Alligator in any weather, any occasion when you want to look your smartest.

You see, Alligator is so delightfully light in weight, so downright comfortable, so flattering in flare and swagger, you'll reach for your Alli-

gator on every threatening day or chilly evening.

No wonder millions of men wear no other rainwear. And you'll agree, the minute you have your first grand experience wearing an Alligator.

See the coats shown here, and many others . . . all water repellent or waterproof, in a wide choice of fabrics, patterns, colors and prices . . . all great values, from ~~\$850~~ to ~~\$4975~~



Here are just a few of the smart new Alligator coats

**A. America's No. 1 raincoat**, the single breasted regalia by Louis TRAVELWIGHT. A fine cotton fabric, finished to the bone, lightweight and super water repellent. Comfortable, elegant... you'll wear it proudly in any weather. **\$19.75**

**B. Full swing, large patch pockets**, smart ticket pocket features this stylish COACHES. Repels rain, extremely smart. Washable GAUC CLOTH, 50% Cotton, 50% Rayon or 50% Polyester. **\$25.75**. Fine cotton TRAVELWIGHT in some style with plaid lining. **\$23.75**

**C. Super rainwear value**, this fine cotton and rayon SUPERWORN raincoat has super water repellency, super lightweight and comfort, smart style. A truly super value at **\$12.75**

**D. Swinger with full swing and flare** feature the double breasted TRAVELWIGHT Trench Coat with smart rope belt. Full belt, epauletts, shoulder patch. Super water repellent, smart for any occasion. With handsome plaid lining as shown **\$25.75**. Unlined model **\$20.75**

**Alligator** ... the Best Name in Rainwear

The Alligator Co. • St. Louis • New York • Chicago • Los Angeles

# SCOREBOARD

## ... THESE FACES IN THE CROWD ...



**Juan Manuel Fangio**, daring world racing champion from Argentina, warmed up for Mille Miglia by pushing his Ferrari to track record of 104.03 mph in trials, next day averaged 97 mph as he won Grand Prix at Syracuse, Italy.



**Louise Brough**, veteran tennis star, was named playing captain of U.S. Wightman Cup team which will defend against British at Wimbledon in June. Her teammates: Shirley Fry, Dorothy Head Knode, Beverly Baker Fleitz.

### RECORD BREAKERS

**Swaps**, Rex Ellsworth's handsome chestnut, bearing 130-pound impost lightly, was held snugly in early going by Willie Shoemaker, took charge soon after halfway mark to flash home by 2 1/4 lengths (see page 8) in world record-breaking 1:39 3/5 for seldom-run mile and 70 yards despite being eased up in last 30 yards of \$25,000 Broward Handicap at Gulfstream Park, Fla. (April 14).

**Cocky Gastelnaars**, latest Dutch teenage (18) swim sensation, thrashed 100-meter freestyle in 1:04 at Schiedam, The Netherlands, lowering own world mark set last month (April 14).

**Jim Brewer**, high-soaring North Phoenix H.S. pole vaulter, cleared 14 feet 5 inches in Arizona Relays at Tempe but had to be satisfied with new U.S. scholastic record of 14 feet 3 1/2 inches when pole slipped out of official's grasp, crashed into standard and knocked off crossbar (April 14).

### BOXING

**Tommy (Hurricane) Jackson**, clowning No. 2 heavyweight contender, entertained with between-rounds war dance, failed weedy and punked Welsh Pig Farmer Johnny Williams to floor three times (see below) before referee stopped bout in fourth round at Washington, D.C. Puffed-up Manager Lippy Brudibart bravely challenged Rocky Marciano, drew typical reaction from Hurricane: "Yeah man!"

**Floyd Patterson**, marking time until Manager Cus D'Amato makes right con-

section, put his quick hands to work against Chief Alvin Williams, swarmed all over second-rate opponent before knocking him out with crushing right to body in third round at Kansas City.

**Archie Moore**, sipped into fighting himself into shape for June 3 defense of light heavyweight title, weighed in at flabby 196 pounds, belabored mediocre Heavyweight Willie Beas for five rounds before winning by TKO at Richmond, Calif.

**Larry Boardman**, brash young lightweight who recently upset Wallace (Bud) Smith in non-title bout, outpunched and outboxed Featherweight Champion Sandy Saddler, took unanimous 10-round decision in over-the-weight clash at Boston.

### HORSE RACING

**C. V. Whitney's Career Boy**, given his head by Jockey Eric Guerin, charged from last to first, won going away by three lengths in \$29,250 Gotham Stakes at Jamaica, N.Y., once more emphasized his stature as Kentucky Derby contender.

**Ford**, Alfred Guyenne Vanderbilt's 6-year-old gelding, moved ahead of Nance's Lad at three-eighths pole, fought off stretch challenge by Joe Jones to take \$28,850 Excelsior Handicap at Jamaica.

### ROWING

**Princeton's** lightly regarded varsity, stroking at steady 31 beat for most of mile and three-quarters on wind-ruffled Severn, forged into lead when overweight Navy postgraduate crew tied, went on to win by

three lengths, spoiling debut of 1953 Olympic champions now back in training at Annapolis with hopes of representing U.S. at Melbourne.

### HOCKEY

**Montreal's** hustling Canadiens got scoring power from hucky Jean Beliveau (see page 8), fiery Maurice (Rocket) Richard and brilliant Bernie (Boom Boom) Geoffrion, spectacular play in nets from acrobatic Goalie Jacques Plante to overpower no-longer-jealous Detroit 3-1 in fifth game at Montreal, ending Red Wings' two-year grip on Stanley Cup.

### TABLE TENNIS

**Erwin Kleis**, redheaded 17-year-old Los Angeles schoolboy, and Mrs. Leah Neuberger, plumpish 34-year-old New York matron, teamed up to outmaneuver Czechoslovakia's Ivan Andric and England's Ann Haydon in five-set mixed doubles, gave U.S. its only title as agile Japanese dominated play in world championships held at Tokyo.

### TRACK & FIELD

**Parry O'Brien**, hefty Olympic champion, and his latest challenger, Kansas' Bill Nieder (see page 20), went for distance again in shotput, both surpassing once-invincible 60-foot barrier (O'Brien for eighth time, Nieder for first time). O'Brien, who holds world indoor record of 61 feet 5 1/2 inches, heaved heavy ball 60 feet 8 1/2

*continued on page 8*

## FOCUS ON THE DEED



**FRANCY** Hurricane Jackson stands over fallen foe, England's Johnny Williams.

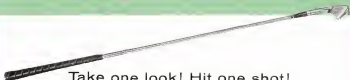


**PORTEOUS** boxing meeting brings together California's Knight and New York's Holland.



**PROUD** Herbert Hoover shares grandson Andrew's pride in sailfish at Miami.





Take one look! Hit one shot!

*Here's new plus power you can train in with gun barrel accuracy. Here's a new Fluid Feel unlike anything you've ever known. Here's an iron fighter in over-all weight, yet with more "head feel"...*

## ANNOUNCING **Wilson** Dyna-Powered Irons



There's never been an iron like this! By drilling through the neck and inserting the shaft clean through to the sole, we have by far the strongest union of head and shaft ever devised. And in removing unnecessary weight from the neck and redistributing it throughout the blade, we've produced a more delicate balance.

The results to you? Virtually no vibration up the shaft.

No head shimmy. No quitting at the moment of contact. An iron you can swing faster without swinging harder. An iron you can time better. Greater clubhead speed, greater distance, greater accuracy, and a magnificent new Fluid Feel.

But don't take our word. Discover the Dyna-Powered difference first-hand—next time you're in a pro shop.

Julius Boros  
of our Advisory Staff,  
leading money winner  
of 1955, with his new  
Wilson Dyna-Powered irons.



# Wilson

The Wilson name is part of the game

Wilson Sporting Goods Co., Chicago • Fastest nationwide service  
from 32 branch offices • (A subsidiary of Wilson & Co., Inc.)



**Willie Mosconi**, sure-handed little cue artist from Philadelphia, displayed his wizardry in round-robin world billiard championship at Kingston, N. C., capturing his first 12 matches to clinch title for second successive year.



**Dick Savitt**, Texas oilman and part-time tennis player, made one of his infrequent tournament appearances, overcoming Davis Cupper Ham Richardson 6-3, 7-5, 3-6, 4-6, 6-3 in spirited final match at Dallas Country Club.



**Jim Jacobs**, youthful (25) Los Angeles real-estate salesman, turned back former champion Vic Hershowitz of Brooklyn 21-16, 5-21, 21-17, repeating his 1935 singles victory in U.S. Handball Association tournament at St. Louis.

inches at Berkeley, Calif.; Nieder got off to a 60-foot 3 inches in dual meet against Oklahoma A&M at Lawrence, Kans., bettered own NCAA mark set week earlier.

**John Landy**, Australia's blistering-chasing mile world-record holder (3:58), found himself entangled in AAU red tape and international protocol when invited to run in U.S., finally got green light to display his speed in Southern California Relays at Los Angeles May 5 and West Coast Relays at Fresno May 12.

## BASEBALL

New York Yankees squeezed past their World Series conquerors, Brooklyn Dodgers, 3-0, on four-hit pitching of Bob Turley and Bob Grim, and Chicago Cubs, with aid of robust hitting by Outfielder Walt Morin, took palm from neighboring White Sox 11-8, 9-2 in pre-season city series, as major leagues wound up exhibition schedule, prepared for pennant races ahead.

## GOLF

Sam Snead took advantage of Fred Wampler's misdirected six-foot putt on 72nd green to gain tie at 273, put his own gutter to work, erased 20-footer on second hole of playoff to defeat Wampler in Greater Greensboro (N.C.) Open.

## MILEPOST

**DIED**—Francis Tyler, 51, beefy bobsledder who led U.S. four-man team to 1948 Olympic title, coach and manager in 1952 and 1956, of heart attack, at Lake Placid, N.Y.

## BASEBALL

Grand Circuit Great Results

### AMERICAN LEAGUE

1. N.Y. (Orioles) 19-14 6-3

2. Cleveland 18-15 6-4

3. Boston 16-13 1-2 26-1

4. Kansas City 15-11 4-3 3-5

5. Chicago 14-13 3-7 9-8

6. Detroit 13-12 3-7 9-8

7. Baltimore 12-11 3-7 9-8

8. Philadelphia 11-10 3-7 9-8

9. Washington 10-11 3-7 9-8

10. St. Louis 9-12 3-7 9-8

11. New York 8-13 3-7 9-8

12. Cleveland 7-14 3-7 9-8

13. Boston 6-15 3-7 9-8

14. Kansas City 5-16 3-7 9-8

15. Chicago 4-17 3-7 9-8

16. Detroit 3-18 3-7 9-8

17. Baltimore 2-19 3-7 9-8

18. Philadelphia 1-20 3-7 9-8

19. Washington 0-21 3-7 9-8

20. St. Louis 0-22 3-7 9-8

21. New York 0-23 3-7 9-8

22. Cleveland 0-24 3-7 9-8

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31. New York 0-33 3-7 9-8

32. Cleveland 0-34 3-7 9-8

33. Boston 0-35 3-7 9-8

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39. Washington 0-41 3-7 9-8

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41. New York 0-43 3-7 9-8

42. Cleveland 0-44 3-7 9-8

43. Boston 0-45 3-7 9-8

44. Kansas City 0-46 3-7 9-8

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47. Baltimore 0-49 3-7 9-8

48. Philadelphia 0-50 3-7 9-8

49. Washington 0-51 3-7 9-8

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56. Detroit 0-58 3-7 9-8

57. Baltimore 0-59 3-7 9-8

58. Philadelphia 0-60 3-7 9-8

59. Washington 0-61 3-7 9-8

60. St. Louis 0-62 3-7 9-8

61. New York 0-63 3-7 9-8

62. Cleveland 0-64 3-7 9-8

63. Boston 0-65 3-7 9-8

64. Kansas City 0-66 3-7 9-8

65. Chicago 0-67 3-7 9-8

66. Detroit 0-68 3-7 9-8

67. Baltimore 0-69 3-7 9-8

68. Philadelphia 0-70 3-7 9-8

69. Washington 0-71 3-7 9-8

70. St. Louis 0-72 3-7 9-8

## FOR THE RECORD

### BOXING

**BOB BATTERFIELD**, 10 round decision over Jimmy Persy, heavyweights, Maino Beach.

**CHUCK SPICER**, 6-round TKO over Ray Rowe, light heavyweights, Kalamazoo.

**PETE CALDWELL**, 10 round decision over Jackie Lubak, middleweights, New York University of Wisconsin, NCAA championship, with 47 pts. Madison Wis.

**U.S. AIR FORCE**, won 5 of 10 titles, Natl. AAU championships, Berlin.

### GOLF

**BARRENE BAUER BAER**, Asheville, N.C., Eds. 24-hour tournament, with 215, Baltimore, Texas.

### GERMANICS

**CERMANTOWN, PA.**, Natl. YMCA title, with 74.5 pts., Philadelphia.

### HOCKEY

**PROVIDENCE REDS**, over Cleveland Browns, 4-1, to win American Hockey League Calder Cup playoffs, 4 games to 0, Cleveland.

### HORSE RACING

**BESONER**, \$14,000 Governor's Gold Cup, 6 f., by head, in 1:11 3/5, Bismarck, Md., Buck Shuck up.

### HUNT RACING

**RICHARD**, Huddersburg Hunt Cup, 3 m., by 6 lengths, in 5:22 4/5, Huddersburg, Va. Fred Sandwith up.

**JARRIN JOHN**, Black House Steeplechase 2 m., by 6 lengths, in 4:44 3/5, Troy, N.C. Tom Rankin up.

**LARCHEL**, My Lady's Welter, point-to-point 4 m., by 4 lengths, in 6:55 3/5, Monks, Md. Frank A. Bond up.

### SOCCER

**HARRISVILLE, PA.**, HURRICANES and BROOKLYN BRONX 1-0, in 60 minutes and English playoffs on total goals, 2-1, Natl. Challenge Cup, New York.

### SWIMMING

**GAYTON, OHIO**, Natl. YMCA swimming and diving championship, with 80 pts., Omaha.

### TENNIS

**PABLO GONZALES** over Tony Trabert, 5 matches to 1, Corcoran won 1950 World Fed. Title 58-17.

### WRESTLING

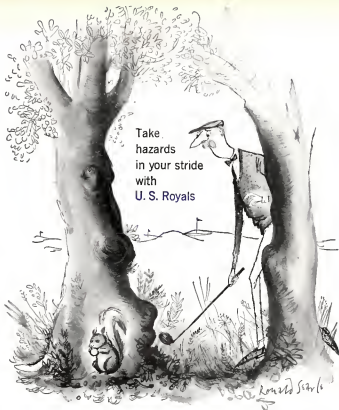
**OHIO STATE**, NCAA team title, with 16 pts., Columbus, Ohio.



**PRIDE OF MONTREAL.** Jean Beliveau (top), flips shot past Detroit Goaltender Glenn Hall to help Canadiens win Stanley Cup.



**PRIDE OF CALIFORNIA.** Swaps, breaks home by 2 1/4 lengths to break world record for mile and 70 yards at Gulfstream Park.



...their new high-tension winding keeps your tension low!

Dash the luck! Caromed off the fairway! But no harm. That's a U. S. Royal Golf Ball. Meaning: a revolutionary new golf ball that puts explosive power at your command. Explosive power that comes from new power-packed, high-energy rubber thread—wound electronically under high-tension, with more windings per ball. Explosive power that comes from a new center filled with Liquid Silicone, the world's liveliest substance. This all gives U. S. Royals instant snap-back for greater punch... gives you that sweet "click" and feel on every shot. Also new—the improved Cadwell Cover. Super-rugged, thinner, to absorb hefty blows, fight off scrapes and cuts. Washes "like-new" again and again. Summation: "rough" shots aren't tough shots when you explode with U. S. Royal power!

U. S. Royals come in 2 cover designs—the new exclusive Diamond cover marking and the popular dimple design. For the best all-around economy balls, try the U. S. Fairway or the U. S. Nobby.

Sold **ONLY** through golf professionals' shops!



**United States Rubber**



JIMMY JEMAIL'S

## HOTBOX

### The Question:

Who will win in your league this season?  
(Asked of wives of major league managers.)



MRS. CASEY (EDNA) STENGEL

New York Yankees



This is the first time in my 31 years of baseball that I've been asked to pick a winner. Women are making progress. I pick the Yanks.

They're the best, and my husband improves with age. Many players are superstitious. I hope this precedent, a woman picking a winner, won't jinx them.

MRS. BIRDIE (MARY) TERRETT

Cincinnati Redlegs



Women are not mathematical. We are so enthusiastic that we may be biased. And I am guided by the faith I have in Birdie. He's

working his heart out for the team and they are working their hearts out for such a fine gentleman. With the Redlegs it's not "Wait till next year." It's this year.

MRS. FRED (PATRICIA) HUTCHINSON

St. Louis Cardinals



I know nothing about the St. Louis Cardinals other than what I've heard my husband say. But I've known Fred long enough to trust his unerring judgment. When he is as enthusiastic about the prospects of a team as he is the Cardinals, I'm sure we'll be in contention for the pennant the entire season.

MRS. STAN (DOROTHY) HACK

Chicago Cubs



Chicago—my sentimental choice. I've rooted for the Cubs since 1932, since Stan first played at Wrigley Field. I'm sure that in

two years or so, I'll be able to make a practical as well as sentimental choice. The Cubs look good for 1956. I'll concede only to Brooklyn and maybe Milwaukee.

MRS. CHARLES (LILLIAN) GRIMM

Milwaukee Braves



The Braves have a good chance to go all the way if injuries do not sideline key players, as they have during the past two years.

However, it is a long season and anything can happen in a well-balanced league, such as the National League will be this year, with five teams evenly matched.

MRS. LOU (DELLA) ROUBREAU

Kansas City Athletics



I know the club I wish could win. Need I mention the name? A nice guy named Lou is the manager. From what they tell me—and I in-

clude my husband—my wish is vain. Yet wishes are free. So are day dreams. But the Yankees, Red Sox, Indians and White Sox should finish in that order.

MRS. BUCKY (MARIE) HARRIS

Detroit Tigers



Detroit can win in 1956. The club is better balanced and the pitching prospects are brighter. Don't forget, we were

the thick of the race most of last season and lost 28 games by one run. That made a big difference. If we win most of those close games this year—and we can—we'll win the pennant.

MRS. PAUL (MARGIE) RICHARDS

Baltimore Orioles



The N.Y. Yankees are the players who always scare me. But I don't like to see them win. They win the pennant too often. Until the

Baltimore Orioles become a pennant contender, and they will some day in the near future, I'll just have to pick the White Sox to finish first. Now they've got the power,

MRS. CHARLEY (RUTH) DRESSEN

Washington Senators



It's going to be close and Cleveland could win from Boston, New York and Detroit. Knowing what wonderful things Charley has done with other clubs and his ability to work with pitchers as well as keeping his club hustling and in good spirits, I'm sure the Senators will finish in the first division.

MRS. AL (EVELYN) LOPEZ

Cleveland Indians



We have as good a chance as any team in our league, perhaps a little better, because we don't have injury problems. The Indians are improved. Remember that we lost the pennant last year by the margin of two sacrifice flies. I'll never forget that. Al wouldn't let me forget it all winter long.

MRS. WILLIAM (PAULA) RIGNEY

New York Giants



A manager's wife gets a liberal baseball education. I'm not an expert, but it doesn't take an expert to see that the Giants are going to win the pennant. They have the players who won it in 1954, now they have my husband, Bill, who will do as fine a job in New York as he did in Minneapolis.

MRS. MAYO (LOUISE) SMITH

Philadelphia Phillies



I believe that the team to beat in the National League is the Philadelphia Phillies. No one will the other clubs have to beat the Phillies, but they'll have to beat my husband, Mayo. That will be tougher than beating the Phillies. No one knows better than I, from long experience.

MRS. MARTY (MARY) MARION

Chicago White Sox



Although I'm the wife of a manager, I know very little about baseball. But I'm a red-hot White Sox fan. Listening to Marty and knowing how right he usually is, my intuition tells me that this year Marty will be a winner with the White Sox, as he was when baseball called him Mr. Shortstop.

MRS. MICHAEL F. (HAZEN) HIGGINS

Boston Red Sox



Mike says the American League race will be the closest and most exciting in history and I agree. But in our 21 years together, I've never known Mike to be content with anything less than the best. I place my faith in him and his wonderful squad of players. In faith there is fulfillment.

MRS. ROBERT (GWEN) BRACAN

Pittsburgh Pirates



This season promises closer races, more colorful baseball than in many years. The Dodgers will qualify as top hands, but they'll have to work harder. Where our Pirates finish is open to speculation. Just because we hail from the coal country doesn't mean we're doomed to live in the cellar.

MRS. WALTER (LELA) ALSTON

Los Angeles Dodgers



At our house, we don't talk too much about baseball. The manager's odd to his wife. "You do the cooking; I'll manage the team" never had to be told to me. But Walter has been happy all spring. So I guess things are okay. It's not going to be as easy as last year, but I think we'll win again.

NEXT WEEK:

If the winners of the last 10 Kentucky Derbies were matched, which horse would you bet on?

THE MARK OF LEADERSHIP



in a Hurricane HARNESSSED FOR YOUR PLEASURE!



That slim, compact unit on the Mercury Mark 25 covers an exuberant 20 horsepower Hurricane engine!

Take control, and kickhafter engineering speaks for itself in its quick start, even pull, fast acceleration and dazzling speed... in the way it outperforms and outlasts any outboard in the 20 cu. in. class! Dyna-Float Suspension keeps your ride vibration-free... complete engine silencing keeps it quiet!



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KIEKHAEFER MERCURY

mark 25

25 h.p. Alternate Flung Hurricane Engine, Reverse Gear and Neutral. Available with 12-volt Mercurials Starting (Mark 25E model). © 1955 Kiekhaefer Corporation, Fond du Lac, Wis. Awarded Fashion Academy Gold Medal 1955

## The Jaguar in competition

Jaguar believes that it is the driver, not the road, that offers the supreme test of a car.

When Jaguars are entered in such outstanding races as Le Mans, Sebring, Elkhart Lake and Pebble Beach, the cars are pitted not so much against the hazards of the course as against the will and spirit of men who, in their pursuit of victory, will and do exact from their machines the fullest measure of performance.

"To win, you have to finish!" is a deceptively simple axiom among competition drivers. And to finish—let alone to win—the car driven by these men must have in perfect balance the virtues of speed, stamina and safety.

*And these virtues—it is Jaguar's belief—should be available in every car that takes to the highway.*

It is our chief pride not that Jaguars have achieved so many important victories but that the Jaguar of international competition, is virtually the familiar XK Jaguar of today—that the Jaguars that have withstood the special pressures of the Stirling Moss's, Mike Hawthorne's, Phil Walters' and Sherwood Johnson's, are the cars that thousands of motorists drive daily with assurance, safety and pride.



*"D" type Jaguar . . . a competition car embodying the latest Jaguar engineering advances. It can be purchased by qualified drivers. Among the important "D" victories in 1955: Le Mans, Daytona Beach, Sebring, Hagerstown, Md. and Watkins Glen.*

# The Jaguar for pleasure

There is hardly a car in the world regardless of price that can give so much pleasure in the owning and handling as a Jaguar. There is, of course, the inimitable appearance of the Jaguars. A noted automobile writer stated recently that Jaguar was one of the few manufacturers in the world who has never produced an ugly car. From the lithe and potent lines of the XK-140 to the stately grace of the Mark VII, the Jaguar bespeaks urbanity and good taste.

In handling a Jaguar for the first time, the average motorist receives a pleasant surprise. He finds that the Jaguar performs differently from the ordinary automobile only in its wider margins of safety and responsiveness. It corners on any kind of road without sway or roll, steers with a sureness and ease that seems almost to anticipate command. Finally—the mighty heart of the Jaguar—the fabulous twin overhead camshaft "XK" engine gives the Jaguar driver a mastery of the road that needs no demonstration, yet gives pride and assurance in the possessing. Why not let your Jaguar dealer introduce you to the many Jaguar virtues in the model of your choice.



The New Jaguar 4 Two-Point-Door Sedan comfort, Jaguar performance, 30 miles per gallon economy. Powered by a 2.4 liter version of the great "XK" engine, the Jaguar TFF will whisk five passengers in calm comfort to speeds over 100 miles per hour, yet will offer 30

miles to the gallon fuel economy at normal cruising speed. A thoroughly bred Jaguar, the TFF boasts fine glove leather upholstery, walnut interior appointments, capacious luggage space. Introduced at the International Automobile Show, New York Coliseum.



The XK-140 Convertible, "XK" performance in a luxury convertible. Top is fully lined. Roll-up windows, walnut interior trim, leather upholstery. Additional rear seating capacity. Automatic transmission optional.

The XK-140 Hardtop Coupe. Jaguar performance with closed car comfort. Leather upholstery, walnut trim, automatic transmission available. Not illustrated: The famous XK-140 Sports Roadster.

The Mark VII, A 4-door, 6-passenger luxury sedan. Magnificently appointed with sliding sun roof, glove leather upholstery, walnut fittings, woven carpeting and automatic transmission.

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for Sports  
(Illustrated!)



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Everything a fashionable woman could wish for in a sports watch—from the self-winding movement to the snap-second hand! Yet so small, so chic, you'll put it on any busy morning... wear it right through cocktails at the club. For yourself or a special gift—choose a Ladymatic—and let time take care of itself!

17-jewel, self-winding, mechanical, 500' water resistant, snap-second hand, 18k gold applied dial hands. Priced from \$110. Watch shown, \$175. Other fine Omega watches for men and women, from \$71.50. For full and as long as crystal, crown and case remain intact and, if opened, properly secured.

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Ω  
OMEGA

THE WATCH THE WORLD HAS LEARNED TO TRUST

## MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER

ONE OF THE LATEST additions to the subscription rolls of **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** is Don K. Rice of West Frankfort, Illinois, a freshman at Southern Illinois University in Carbondale.

Don won his subscription by scoring highest among the 854 students who took a sports quiz as part of the final examination in SIU's physical education program.

In announcing the examination, Dr. Edward J. Shea, chairman of the men's physical education department, said, "Since the sports scene constitutes an important segment of our American culture . . . the purpose is to create an awareness of contemporary affairs in the world of sport. It aids, also, in the development of attitudes, interests and appreciations which tend to become lifelong in value."

Professor Shea also let the word get out that a good way to bone up for the exam might be to do a little browsing through some **SPORTS ILLUSTRATEDS**, past and present. And, as it happened, sure enough, the answers to the 40 questions, which ranged through 14 sports, have all appeared in SI.

Student Rice missed only one question:

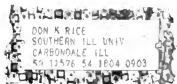
Winner of the *National Indoor Tennis Championship* was:  
(a) Vic Seizus (b) Sven Davidson (c) Ulf Schmidt (d) Gil Shea (e) Art Larsen

(For the correct answer see SI, March 5, page 5.)

The examination was experimental this time and did not count for grades. But results convinced Dr. Shea of its value. For the spring term examinations in June the chips will be down and the sports test will be averaged in with other marks in the course.

The possibility that SI may become "required reading" in Carbondale strikes a slightly strange note here. We've always had it in mind that people who read SI read it purely for pleasure. No midnight cramming contemplated.

At any rate, whatever its fate at SIU, SI is proud to be cited as a reference—and extends warmest congratulations to its new subscriber:



*Harry Phillips*





Known by the Company it Keeps



Seagram's VO

SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY, 86.8 PROOF, CANADIAN WHISKY—  
A BLEND OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES • SIX YEARS OLD



"KENT" and "Micronite" and associated trademarks of R. J. REYNOLDS COMPANY

If you smoke a lot, KENTs are to your taste, too

KENT was designed for people like you—it's the only cigarette with the Micronite Filter. This gives you high filtration that helps you keep your smoking moderate. What's more, KENT offers you a custom blend of tobaccos . . . the Micronite Filter smooths the flavor (you can tell by KENT's clean, fresh taste)! So why smoke anything less . . . especially if you smoke a lot?



King Size  
and Regular  
length

## EVENTS &amp; DISCOVERIES

A TIME FOR UNNATURAL MOTIONS • ELIJAH (OR BUGS) IN THE SNOWBANK • BRICK GUST FOR JOHN LADY • SCHOOL'S OUT IN MONTREAL • A LESSON FOR KEN VENTURI • THE STOOPEY SEASON

## AH, THERE, DR. BENNETT

JUST AS the major league baseball season got officially under way, bad news emanated from Baltimore. Dr. George Bennett of the Johns Hopkins Medical School, widely known for his ministrations to the arms of ailing pitchers, issued a pronouncement:

"Pitching is a most unnatural motion. The shoulder was not constructed to throw a baseball."

Sixteen big league pitchers, stretching in readiness to throw their first deliveries of the 1956 season, paused and turned their heads, like the brontosaurus in Disney's *Fantasia* when, during *The Rite of Spring*, Stravinsky's music warned of the coming of the dread *Tyrannosaurus rex*.

"There are any number of things that can happen to an elbow or shoulder," Dr. Bennett went on. "The common phrase for an elbow injury is 'bone chips.' There is no such thing. There is a flaking off of cartilage in the elbow. Deposits form in the shoulder, too. The unnatural motion causes it."

Unnatural motion, indeed. Dr. Bennett may not realize what he has done, but he has attacked the foundations of the Republic. George Washington was not throwing underhand when he pitched that dollar across the Rappahannock, you know. And what about Eisenhower and the first ball in Washington? These were cold words indeed on the eve of the pennant race.

Fortunately for baseball (and the Republic), player and fan alike are used to hardship. Now, in April, it is cold in the shadows of the grandstand—coffee and hot chocolate sell better than beer and pop—but the spectators tend to group together, sharing warmth, in seats that are in the sun. On the field, the batter hits a pitched ball with the bandle of his bat and curses and shakes his stinging fingers

in pain, but when it's his turn to bat again he's up there, ready for the pitch.

Last weekend the players of the 16 major league teams came grumbling down out of the tortured hills of spring training and into the major league towns. They played a last exhibition game or two, took a hot shower, shaved and waited for Tuesday, Opening Day of the regular season. The fans blew on their fingers, wore sweaters under their overcoats and looked for seats in the sun.

And the pitchers looked down again at the batter—away from *Tyrannosaurus rex*—and prepared with their unnatural motions to throw the ball.

## ELIJAH

THE STORY BEGAN when an airplane jockey peered down at a barren snow-covered saddle of rock in Colorado's continental-divide country one day last February and saw unexpected

signs of life. There, marooned at 13,000 feet, unable to descend from the drift-blocked saddle, were two stray pack horses, a gray and a bay. The airplane jockey headed back to his base at Gunnison, Col., loaded on a bale of hay and hightailed it back to the saddle with emergency rations. The gray was nowhere to be seen (and is still unaccounted for), but the bay—a shaggy, slightly woebegone but obviously sturdy character—went gratefully to work on the hay bale dropped from the plane.

That was February 28. Since that date the haylift has continued, the stranded pack horse has been universally dubbed Elijah—after the Old Testament prophet fed by ravens—and the story has become as engrossing, nay more engrossing to the U.S. West than any day-to-day horse story out of Hialeah or Santa Anita. And it's not over yet.

At first, it was almost a private

continued on next page

## CURRENT WEEK &amp; WHAT'S AHEAD

The "Admirals," Navy's 1952 Olympic champion crew, back in training for the '56 Games, lowered themselves into a shell on the Severn, swept into a quick lead, then wearied and finished three lengths behind Princeton in their first comeback race. Diagnosis by Coach Rusty Callow: too little training, too much weight. Prognosis: still plenty of time to get back in form before the Olympic trials, June 28 to 30.

The Dodgers and Yankees headed into the 1956 season solid favorites to meet once again in the World Series—which shows just how lightly regarded are the results of spring training games. The Grapefruit League leaders: St. Louis (21-11), Pittsburgh (21-13), Milwaukee (19-13).

Mexico's military equestrian team, winner of the 1948 Olympics and a strong threat to win again this year, was disbanded in the midst of a fund-raising drive. Semi-official explanations remained well clear

of the reason advanced most frequently for the breakup: temperamental outbursts of General Humberto Mariles, team leader and famed horseman now scheduled for duty in a diplomatic post abroad.

Russian hockey players beat Canada last January in the Cortina Olympics and thus became the best amateurs on ice. Honor enough? Not for a nation seeking perfection. Last week Russia requested—and will receive—films of an even better hockey team in action: the Montreal Canadiens as they won the Stanley Cup from Detroit.

Dick Savitt, who gave up tennis for the oil business after winning the Wimbledon championship in 1951, is getting the full persuasion treatment from Davis Cup Captain Bill Talbot to help regain the Cup this year. Back in top form, Savitt must first work out details for a leave of absence from the D. D. Feldman Oil & Gas Co., where he is a fast-rising young Texas executive.



were at the San Francisco airport to meet him, along with several dozen friends and reporters. The arms of his proud city were open wide. To be sure, Ken had taken a disastrous 80 on the final day at Augusta and finished second to Jack Burke Jr., but no amateur had ever given the pros a worse scare under more difficult conditions on one of the world's most nerve-racking courses.

As Ken stepped off the plane the questions began to fly. "What happened on the 80?" his father asked. Ken, the overnight hero, was seized by an attack of automatic talking. They had changed the pairings on him, he said, and wouldn't let him play that last round with his pal, Byron Nelson; Sam Snead, his playing partner, hardly spoke to him; Jackie Burke had been helped all through the last round by his partner, Mike Souchak. On Ken spun, out of control, and when his remarks hit the headlines they shocked the golf world.

Almost immediately, and while Ken was still trying to recover from the effects of his verbosity, a telegram arrived from Bob Jones and Cliff Roberts, the men who run the Masters. Would he inform them by return wire, they asked, of "any actions by Masters tournament officials which you consider to be contrary to the Rules of Golf or unfair to you as a contestant?"

Venturi sat himself down in the office of the automobile agency where he works and tried to explain to himself and others. "When I read the stories about what I had said," he told ST's Charles Mohr, "I felt sick. I mean physically sick. . . . My father always taught me that you have to be a good loser. It's the main thing. Because no matter who you are you're going to lose. Now I've torn down everything I built up in the Masters. This has got back to Bobby Jones and the Augusta National and all the sportswriters I got to know and everybody. I'm so nervous I can hardly sit still." He also told of the difficulties of putting in writing the proper apology to Jones and Roberts, but write it he did:

MY STATEMENTS FROM THE HEART WERE MADE AT CEREMONIES AFTER THE FINAL ROUND, he wired. I WOULD APPRECIATE HAVING THESE STAND NAMELY, QUOTE: I WAS DISAPPOINTED AT LOSING. JACKIE BURKE'S VICTORY WAS A WONDERFUL ACHIEVEMENT. THE GALLERIES AND AUGUSTA NATIONAL MEMBERS WERE VERY FRIENDLY TO ME AND I HOPE TO BE BACK NEXT YEAR UNQUOTE. I HAVE LEARNED A VALUABLE

LESSON. I WISH TO GO ON RECORD AS HAVING NO EXCUSES FOR LOSING.

At the age of 24, Ken Venturi had possibly learned the most important golf lesson of his life: never pop off.

#### VIVE LES HABITANTS!

THE NIGHT BEFORE the fifth game of the Stanley Cup hockey finals a 12-year-old named Jean Deschamps pitched camp in front of the general admission window of the Montreal Forum. "Je vais rester ici jusqu'à demain soir, même si je manque l'école!" ("I'm going to stay right here till tomorrow night, even if it means missing school!", he said. Young Deschamps' nervous enthusiasm has been shared since October by a million or so of his compatriots, who have been counting time until the glorious night. THE night, as everybody knew perfectly well, would be the one on which the Canadiens would finally dethrone the Detroit Red Wings as kings of the Stanley Cup.

The final series was a best-of-seven affair, and Les Canadiens got off to a great start by winning the first two 6-4 and 5-1 in Montreal. Then the two squads, bitter and determined, moved

to Detroit, where the mighty Red Wings had not lost a playoff game in two years. On the way, the Wings heard a fierce growl from the front office. Said fiery General Manager Jack Adams: "Some of our guys have lost their desire." The next night, their desire apparently back and well harnessed, the Red Wings won 3-1. But it was their last victory; Montreal took the fourth game in Detroit 3-0, and then it was THE night. Before young Jean Deschamps and 14,151 other fans at the Forum, Les Canadiens smashed Detroit 3-1 for the Cup.

To hockey fans who have been following the progress of Les Canadiens this season their success came as no phenomenal surprise. In Maurice (Rocket) Richard, Jean Beliveau and Boom Boom Geoffrion, Montreal has assembled an offensive threat as powerful as any in the history of the game. Beliveau's 12 goals in the playoffs (added to his 47 in the regular season) marked the big, handsome center (51, Jan. 23) as one of the greatest players ever to lace on a pair of skates. But much of the Montreal credit rightfully belongs to Les Canadiens' rookie coach, Toe

*continued on next page*



"We want these books: How To Catch, How To Run Bases. By the best authors, please."

## EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

continued from page 19

Blake, a former Montreal captain who managed, throughout the long season, to give his great squad the right mixture of praise and prods.

When it was all over and the Red Wings had left for home, far from disgraced by their loss to a clearly superior team, Montreal honored its dream team with a 30-mile parade through the streets. THE night and THE moment had finally arrived, the city of hockey fans echoed with jubilant cries of "Vive Les Habitants!" And for the moment, like young Deschamps, they didn't care if l'école kept.

### THE STOOPERS

AS SURELY as there are horses at race tracks, there will be stoopers. Right now, the stoopers are out in force at Jamaica's spring meeting—perhaps in more force than usual, following the announcement by George M. Bragallini, president of the New York State Tax Commission, that horse players neglected to cash \$263,835 in winning pari-mutuel tickets at the harness and flat tracks during 1955.

That is what stooping is all about. A stooper figures that a profitable percentage of those holding winning tickets will discard them in error, in absent-mindedness or perhaps even because of eyesight blurred by too long a time at the clubhouse bar. Acting on this judgment, the stooper turns his back on the racing and darts through the crowd, head down, looking for gold in the pasteboards.

Although stoopers, to a man, refuse to discuss their art (or anything else), their techniques may be observed by anyone who will take the trouble to follow one through the crowd. The first thing to be learned is that the last thing a stooper does is stoop. What he does first of all is to memorize (or write on a card) the winning numbers of races already run. Then he lopez along, flipping over upside-down tickets with his shoe tips, swiftly reading those right side up, sometimes using both feet to buckle and flip the stubborn ones. Only when a winning number is clearly spotted does the stooper, with the swiftness and sureness of a chicken hawk, stoop.

How much will an average day's stooping pay? No stooper will say. But there is a legendary Californian, for example, said to have stooped to the tune of \$1,500 in a single afternoon at Santa Anita.

Not only does the stooper refuse to discuss his art with strangers, he will not even pass the time of day with another stooper. Stooping is rugged individualism at full flowering. At Jamaica, however, one stooper was cornered and forced to listen to detailed questions as to how he got into stooping, what tracks he worked, how



much he averaged over a year, was it a full-time affair with him or did he spend the winter trying to fish coins through the grating of subway ventilation areas or what? The stooper looked his questioner in the eye, said, "I'm bothering you, Mac?" and was off at a dogtrot, half crouching like Groucho Marx, ready on a split second's notice to stoop.

### PUBLIC SERVICE

NOW THAT SPRING has begun to ripen the hills and vales of the Northeast, a New York City radio station has felt impelled—as pure public service—to supplement its Saturday and Sunday weather and news reports three times a morning with dispatches like this: "Split Rock, one hour and over, steady; Pelham, two and a half

hours, increasing; Kissena, two hours, slow."

Initiates translate WNYC's morning line with ease. There are 10 municipal golf courses in Greater New York, and from April to October the lines form early. "Split Rock, one hour and over, steady" means that now, at 8 a.m., golfers can expect more than an hour's delay between signing the waiting list and starting to play—but also that bottlenecks and traffic snarls on the fairways are—for the moment—at a minimum.

The courses open their waiting lists at 5:30 a.m. on weekends, and play starts at 6. Moshulu in The Bronx and Dyker Beach in Brooklyn (S1, Aug. 22) have the longest delays—up to four hours—because they are closest to the subway stops. But all the courses are patronized by citizens who will do astonishing things in order to get in a round of golf.

A man who lives just across the street from the Clearview course set himself the goal, early in 1955, of managing just once that year to be the first to tee off on a Saturday morning. He never made it. No matter how early he got up, a few golfers were always there before him, ready to sign the waiting list at 5:30. They were night-shift workers who got off their jobs at midnight, breakfasted on scrambled eggs and coffee in a diner and lined up at the clubhouse around 2:30 a.m.

## SPECTACLE

# SEVILLE FAIR

It's April and once more, as they have for 109 years, Spaniards assemble for one of the most beautiful spectacles in the world

This is the week of the Seville Fair. Every day from April 18 until April 23, the Prado de San Sebastián (right) will be filled with the color of old Spain; with matched teams of white mules and Spanish horses, tassels hanging from their manes; with black-haired señoritas in Andalusian costume riding pillion-style behind their gentlemen. In the pavilions that line the streets, flamenco dancers swirl to 10,000 clacking castanets and hundreds of guitars. As the dust rises in the heat of noon, sherry begins to flow. The fair grounds are quiet in the late afternoon when every *sevillano* with the price of a ticket goes to watch the beautiful bravery of César Girón or Antonio Ordóñez pitted against such formidable bulls as those of Don Eduardo Miura (page 25). By midnight, beneath the canopy of red and white lanterns that light the fair, even the Old Lady from Dubaque is trying the pale wine of Jerez.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JERRY COOKE





IN A CLOUD of pink ruffles, with a pink rose in her dark hair, Andalusian beauty Enriqueta Esteve is driven in a carriage through the streets of springtime Seville.



IN FLAMENCO DRESS, flowers behind her ear, Sotirita Maria R. Garcia-Maurais







rides in the traditional pillion manner, with one arm around the waist of her caballero.



UNDER CANOPY OF LANTERNS, which cast a carnival glow on the fair grounds from sunset until dawn, three Sevillian equestrians pause at the Aero Club's pavilion.



IN FAMILY SURREY Andalusian children in festive ruffles, rouge and earrings join the parade with their mother and nurses at their first fair.



**DUCHESS OF ALBA** rides in *Córdobes* costume. Horse's mane is braided with ribbons in the yellow and red of Spain.

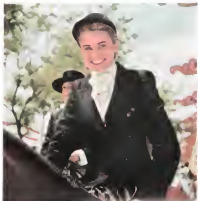


**PILAR FONTASA DON ALMAGRO** of Madrid parades in hand-embroidered jacket that has been in her family 100 years.

**HEATRICE LODGE**, daughter of American Ambassador to Spain John Lodge, wears ruffled shirt and flat *Córdobes* hat.



**STEPHANIE SPALDING**, daughter of the American Consul in Seville, parades in a conventional American hunting habit.



# THE BULLS OF DEATH

They are the Miuras, finest of all, stars  
of a new season at the great Seville Fair

by JOHN KOBLER

TO THAT most passionate of sportsmen, the Spanish bullfight fan, the gaiety and color of Seville's annual great fair is but a prelude to an act of dedication. In the bull ring at the height of the festival will appear the matadors for the climactic sport of death between man and animal—the finest of bullfighters in a dramatic and major act of the new bullfighting season. It is toward this moment that Spain, a nation of aficionadoes, looks; it is toward this moment, in a very real sense, that a breed of fighting bulls has been reared, the finest in Spain: the bulls of Miura, "The Bulls of Death."

The nickname of these great dark beasts is aptly chosen. Over the generations, the Miuras have claimed many victims, the most famous of them Manuel Rodríguez, the immortal Manolete, who was fatally gored nine years ago by a bull already dying. Their intelligence, their speed, precision and their calculated malevolence place the Miura bulls in a class apart. "No bull," says Juan Belmonte, one of the most brilliant performers in the history of the art, "ever showed greater offensive and defensive capacity in the face of the bullfighter. All the other bulls I have ever fought could eventually be brought to a point of absolute submission; the Miuras never." Of the seven mounted heads and 17 paintings of celebrated bulls hanging in Madrid's Museo Taurino, 14 are Miuras. Of the 1,427 bulls whose feats the bullfight historian, José María de Cossío, lists in his monumental work, *Los Toros*, 66 are Miuras. "Jaqueta," reads a typical entry, "Miura, was run in Córdoba June 31 [sic], 1866. Endured 36 picings, left eight horses in the ring and two more who died in the corral from [his] 'raresces.'"

The dynasty of the Miuras was founded more than a century ago, in 1848, by a wealthy hat manufacturer and passionate aficionado, Juan Miura of Seville, and his son Antonio. From Andalus, the province which traditionally has bred some of the finest fighting strains, they got their original stock. From the hands of the eminent matador Rafael Molina (the Lizard), they received an outstanding brave bull; one which, fought to a standstill but still unbroken, was spared by popular demand from the death thrust of the sword. This animal sired some of the most redoubtable of all the Miura bulls, and since his time no other strain has been crossed with the Miuras, the desired characteristics being perpetuated by selective breeding only.

With the years, the Miuras' reputation for fierceness and unconquerable spirit grew to legendary proportions. What has always distinguished them is superior intelligence—



BULLFIGHTERS' MOST CHILLING SIGHT: A MIURA AT THE CHARGE

they learn faster from experience than other bulls, remember longer, and hence are more prone to discern quickly their real enemy: not the cape, but the man. Such is their menace that some 45 years ago the Bulls of Death caused the only serious matadores' boycott in Madrid on record.

Two topflight matadors, Ricardo Torres, called *Bombita* (the Little Bomb), and Rafael Gonzales, called *Meekosquito* (the Little Pounder), drew up a petition addressed to the bull-ring owners of Spain, protesting that since the Miuras were twice as dangerous as any other bulls, matadors who fought them should be paid twice as much. They obtained the signatures of a number of their colleagues to a petition, but it was rejected. The bull-ring owners then refused to employ the matadors. Instead, they signed some up-and-coming young matadors, including Rafael Gómez, who became famous as *El Gallo* (the Rooster), and Vicente Pastor, who were only too happy to fight Miuras or any other kind of bull. In the end, the petitioners had no choice but to submit. Two of them were eventually killed by Miuras and nearly all were injured.

The present master of the Miura *ganadería* is Eduardo Miura III, who assumed command in 1942 upon the retirement of his father, Eduardo II, and his uncle, Antonio. It is not the same estate old Don Juan founded. Like many another, the original and more fertile *ganadería* has been converted to farm land by order of the Ministry of Agriculture. Don Eduardo acquired the new property, which lies approximately 30 miles north of Seville and embraces some 1,500 acres, only 15 years ago, retaining its Moorish name of Zahariche.

One day not long ago, while in Seville, I telephoned Don Eduardo for permission to visit Zahariche. He said he would be glad to show me around personally, and he suggested I drive there next morning early to escape the mid-day heat.

Zahariche was not hard to find. Its one-story, E-shaped ranch house, gleaming whitely through a stand of acacia trees, was the only structure in sight. Barbed wire ringed the entire domain, which, though as flat and unaccented as the surrounding countryside, looked richer in grasses and broom and scrub. As I reached the house, Don Eduardo stepped forward flanked by a little retinue of nodding, smiling house servants and ranch hands, who clearly had not seen many Americans pass that way before. I shook hands with a taut, lean, sharp-featured man close to 40, with a pencil line of a mustache, high-styled as a flamenco

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# THE CASE AGAINST THE IBC

by MARTIN KANE  
and JAMES SHEPLEY

Here for the first time **SI** presents the government case  
in the attempt of the Department of Justice to break up  
the boxing monopoly of James D. Norris, IBC, et al.

*This case presents classic instances of violations of the anti-trust laws. A group of men have banded together to seek domination of a field. In this, they have succeeded.*

*It is submitted that the equity powers of this Court should be invoked to dissolve that amalgamation of power and enjoin the illegal practices through which it was achieved.*

SO ENDS the government brief in the case of United States of America, Plaintiff, vs. International Boxing Club of New York, Inc., et al., Defendants. The et al., or the group of men who "have banded together" in the government's charge, are: International Boxing Club of New York, Inc., International Boxing Club, Inc. (Illinois), Madison Square Garden Corporation, James D. Norris (president of all three) and his partner, Arthur M. Wirtz of Chicago. Trial begins this week before Judge Sylvester J. Ryan in the skyscraper United States Courthouse in downtown New York's sprawling Foley Square. It could end with the International Boxing Club (James D. Norris, President) broken of both its stranglehold on championship boxing and resultant control of all other important boxing.

The government case rests on a 1955 decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, delivered by Chief Justice Earl Warren, that boxing is a business in interstate commerce and therefore comes under the antitrust laws.

That decision permitted the Antitrust Division of the Department of Justice to move against IBC on allegations that it had bought control of boxing championships, bought out competitors, acquired exclusive use of the big stadiums and forced championship contenders to agree that, if they won the championship, they would fight only for IBC. Through these means, the government contends, IBC has become boxing's colossus, promoting 80% of championship bouts in the period involved (June 1949 to May 1953, for purposes of the suit), with revenues in that period of more than \$7 million. The extent of the IBC's control of championships—and the lucrativeness of that control—are set forth in the tables, from the government's brief, on the opposite page and on pages 28 and 29.

In addition to controlling the championships, of course, IBC promotes nonchampionship bouts, including the big television shows on Wednesday and Friday nights.

By controlling the champions—in all but the flyweight and bantamweight divisions, which are no longer important in the United States—IBC has been able to force the loyalty of lesser fighters, managers and copromoters. For if a fighter wants to get a crack at the championship some day he must be an IBC-pleaser as well as a crowd-pleaser. If a promoter or a manager wants an occasional IBC-TV fight he must be an amiable fellow.

But if the government wins its case, then championship

fight promotion will be wide open to competition. Other promoters will be able to bid for the fighters' services and have access to the big indoor and outdoor arenas where such fights can be staged profitably. Fighters and managers will not have to consider IBC wishes when they sign for a fight in the hinterlands outside its domain. Some good fighters who have found it difficult and even impossible to win national recognition may at last have their chance.

The immediate result, if all this comes to pass, is likely to be the kind of confusion that comes with word of a gold strike in hitherto inaccessible territory. Managers of top fighters will be in the saddle (though the bride in some cases may still be held by the likes of Frankie Carbo). Promoters and would-be promoters will doubtless join in a frantic scramble for fights. Television promotion will be affected, since managers will be able to drive hard bargains for more than the current \$4,000 minimum, and the IBC, recently re-signed to its \$962,000 Palmet-Mennen contract for 52 weekly TV fights (in addition to its similar Gillette contract), may have difficulty in guaranteeing schedules of acceptable matches to the sponsors. Competition, of a sort long since gone from boxing, will be restored.

A government-favored decision will have an effect, too, on the hoodlums who have infested the sport for many a long year but thrive best under monopoly conditions. Fight managers have long known that the man to see, if you want to be sure of getting fights for your boy, is the hoodlum and killer Carbo, who wants first to know whether the manager and his fighter are "businessmen." If they are (and "businessmen" is a hoodlum euphemism for those willing to do as they are told) they get fights. With independent promoters running loose, Carbo may be reduced to his stature of the '40s when, for the most part, though a big-time betting operator, he could offer only sporadic money bribes to a fighter or manager instead of a steady livelihood. As IBC took over more and more of boxing, Carbo's influence, whether real or pretended, mounted in managerial circles. He and Norris had known each other for 20 years. The Carbo name became a whispered byword. But his influence could now decline.

Of course, harassment of Carbo will be at most an alleviating effect, like taking in a reef when all sails should be down. The government's case is directed solely at IBC, not at gangsters. Summarized, this is it:

Early in 1949 Harry Mendel and Truman K. Gibson Jr. approached Norris with an idea. (Mendel is now an IBC press agent and Gibson is IBC secretary.) Then they talked with Norris' partner, Arthur M. Wirtz of Chicago. The idea resolved into an agreement that Heavyweight Champion Joe Louis would obtain exclusive rights to the services

(text continued on page 28)

**United States District Court**  
**SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK**  
 Civil Action No. 74-81

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,  
*Plaintiff,*

v.

INTERNATIONAL BOXING CLUB OF  
 NEW YORK, INC., et al.,  
*Defendants.*

**PLAINTIFF'S TRIAL BRIEF**

**Conclusion**

This case presents classic instances of violations of the anti-trust laws. A group of men have banded together to seek domination of a field. In this, they have succeeded.

It is submitted that the equity powers of this Court should be invoked to dissolve that amalgamation of power and enjoin the illegal practices through which it was achieved.

Dated: New York, New York

April 10, 1956

Respectfully submitted,

STANLEY N. BARNER	WILLIAM J. ELKINS
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CLASSIC VIOLATIONS OF THE ANTITRUST LAWS ARE CHARGED AGAINST MORRIS AND HIS IBC ASSOCIATES IN THE GOVERNMENT BRIEF (ABOVE)

**HOW IBC HAS CONTROLLED THE CHAMPIONS**

	Heavyweight	Light-heavyweight	Middleweight	Welterweight	Lightweight	Featherweight
1945 June	CHARLES-WALCOTT		LOMOTTA-CERDAN			
July				ROBINSON-GAVILAN	WILLIAMS-BOLANOS	
Aug.	CHARLES-LESNEVIC					
Sept.						PEP-COMFO
Oct.	CHARLES-VALENTINO					
Dec.					WILLIAMS-DAWSON	
1946 Jan.		MAXIM-MILLS				PEP-RILEY
Mar.						PEP-FAMECNDN
July			LOMOTTA-MITRI			
Aug.	CHARLES-BESNORE			ROBINSON-FUSABI		
Sept.	CHARLES-LOUIS		LOMOTTA-DAUTHVILLE			SABLER-PEP
Dec.	CHARLES-BARONE					
1946 Jan.	CHARLES-DRA					
Feb.			ROBINSON-LOMOTTA			
Mar.	CHARLES-WALCOTT			BRATTON-FUSABI		
May	CHARLES-MAXIM			GAVILAN-BRATTON	CARTER-WILLIAMS	
July	WALCOTT-CHARLES		TURPIN-ROBINSON			
Aug.		MAXIM-MURPHY		GAVILAN-GRAHAM		
Sept.			ROBINSON-TURPIN			SABLER-PEP
Nov.					CARTER-ARACON	
1947 Feb.				GAVILAN-SYKES		
Mar.			ROBINSON-OLSON			
April			ROBINSON-GRAZIANO		CARTER-SALAS	
May					SALAS-CARTER	
June	WALCOTT-CHARLES	MAXIM-ROBINSON				
July				GAVILAN-TURNER		
Sept.	MARCIANO-WALCOTT					
Oct.				GAVILAN-GRAHAM	CARTER-SALAS	
Dec.		MOORE-MAXIM				
1948 Feb.				GAVILAN-CAVEY		
April					CARTER-COLLINS	
May	MARCIANO-WALCOTT					

\* When Robinson won the middleweight title on 2-14-51, the welterweight title was declared vacant. Bratton won the vacant title.

This chart, taken from the government's antitrust brief, demonstrates graphically the extent of control exercised by IBC over boxing's champions and top contenders in all weight divisions

except fly and bantam. The names shown in red are those of fighters who were tied to the IBC by exclusive contracts that permitted them to fight only for the IBC and no other promoter.

continued from page 26

of the four leading heavyweight contenders (Ezzard Charles, Joe Walcott, Lee Savold and Gus Lesnevich). Louis would then resign as champion, assign his exclusive contracts to IBC and let IBC promote an elimination tournament to pick Louis's successor. The successor would then be the exclusive property of IBC.

It worked out fine. Louis signed up the challengers, announced his resignation on March 1, and on March 24, for \$150,000, turned over the contracts to IBC. Madison Square Garden (of which Norris is now president) bought out Mike Jacobs' Garden lease for \$100,000 and for another \$10,000 took over Jacobs' lease to promote boxing at Yankee Stadium and St. Nicholas Arena in New York. The ailing Jacobs agreed to stay out of boxing for 10 years, actually an agreement to stay out for life. (He died in 1953.) IBC also acquired the Tournament of Champions, which had promoted some big fights, had an exclusive lease for boxing promotion at the Polo Grounds and agreements with Tony Zale, Marcel Cerdan and Sugar Ray Robinson.

By this time IBC was in a very strong position. It not only held the big New York arenas but Norris and Wirtz owned the Chicago Stadium, the Detroit Olympia and St. Louis Arena. These seven arenas were boxing's most important. In the preceding 11 years 50% of all championship fights had been held in one or another of them.

By 1951 every champion—except Joey Maxim, who held the light heavyweight title, and the bantam and flyweight champions—was under exclusive contract to IBC. Maxim's manager is Jack (Doc) Kearns, a loner. That failure was corrected in 1952 when Archie Moore won the title from Maxim and went into the IBC bag.

As the government points out in its brief, "control of the heavyweight championship is usually the most lucrative source of revenue in boxing." It cost IBC \$165,000 to win control of those first four heavyweight contenders but, after all, the first Charles-Walcott fight alone brought in more than \$179,000 in gate receipts, as well as \$35,000 from home TV and radio and \$2,500 from theater TV, then in its infancy. (By the time of the Marciano-Walcott fight in September 1952, theater TV brought in \$108,000, movies \$273,000, and even greater returns were realized in later fights.)

Since that Charles-Walcott fight



JAMES O. NORRIS POSES IN HIS MADISON SQUARE GARDEN OFFICE

## GOVERNMENT BRIEF SHOWS THE GATE AND TOTAL TAKE

DATE AND PLACE	CHAMPIONSHIP CONTESTS	PROMOTER	GATE RECEIPTS (excl. Fed. Admission Taxes)	HOME TELEVISION and RADIO	THEATER TV	MOVIES
8-18-48 Detroit	LaMotta Gordon (Middleweight)	Olympic Stadium Corp. for IBC (NY)	\$127,818.00			
8-22-48 Chicago	Charles Wehrli (Heavyweight)	IBC (Ill.)	179,822.50	\$21,000.00	\$2,100.00	
8-18-49 New York	Charles Lesnevich (Heavyweight)	IBC (NY) by 20th Century Sporting Club	\$2,892.24	17,100.00 (Radio only)		
10-14-49 San Francisco	Charles Valentine (Heavyweight)	National Boxing Club and IBC (NY)	142,300.00	1,200.00 (Radio only)		\$2,850.00
1-17-50 New York	Fop Famenchon (Featherweight)	IBC (NY)	55,184.00	15,000.00		
1-12-50 New York	LaMotta Mittel (Middleweight)	IBC (NY)	92,248.24			
8-15-50 Buffalo	Charles Bochere (Heavyweight)	Erving Michalski and IBC (NY)	22,628.00			
1-8-50 New York	Sudder Fop (Featherweight)	IBC (NY)	217,756.72			
8-23-50 Detroit	LaMotta Boothillie (Middleweight)	IBC (Mich.)	58,282.00			
1-21-50 New York	Charles Leslie (Heavyweight)	IBC (NY)	205,876.76	208,000.00		
11-1-50 Cincinnati	Charles Baron (Heavyweight)	Sam Bucher and IBC (NY)	45,751.50			
1-12-51 New York	Charles Dana (Heavyweight)	IBC (NY)	44,194.96	27,000.00		
3-24-51 Chicago	Richman LaMotta (Middleweight)	IBC (Ill.)	148,826.75	44,655.35		
2-7-51 Detroit	Charles Walcott (Heavyweight)	IBC (Mich.) IBC (Ill.)	59,516.00	22,627.20		

# THE FIGHTERS HE CONTROLS

BATE AND PLACE	CHAMPIONSHIP CONTESTS	PROMOTER	GATE RECEIPTS Inc. Fed. Ad- mission Taxes	ROME TELEVISION and RADIO	THEATER TV	MOVIES
1-14-52 Chicago	Frank Fassett (Welterweight)	IBC (Ill.)	\$22,384.34	\$22,000.00		
3-13-52 New York	Carlton Bratten (Welterweight)	IBC (NY)	45,548.50	17,000.00		
5-25-52 New York	Carlo McNamee (Lightweight)	IBC (NY)	16,348.38	17,000.00		
5-30-52 Chicago	Charles Mason (Heavyweight)	IBC (Ill.)	\$1,084.38	100,000.00		
7-15-52 PHILADELPHIA	Wesley Charles (Heavyweight)	McGinley Boxing Club and IBC (NY)	205,189.79	100,000.00		\$500.00
8-22-52 New York	Maxie Murphy (Light Heavy)	IBC (NY)	18,841.82	100,000.00		
8-29-52 New York	Carlton Graham (Welterweight)	IBC (NY)	27,756.72	55,000.00		
9-12-52 New York	Reddman Torgin (Middleweight)	IBC (NY)	648,955.44		\$21,912.50	105,872.85
9-25-52 New York	Saddler Pop (Featherweight)	IBC (NY)	\$1,049.15	10,000.00 (Kiosque)	10,418.40	100,000.00
11-14-52 Los Angeles	Carlo Acerra (Lightweight)	Col. Eaton and IBC (Ill.), IBC (NY)	\$2,562.75	41,000.00		
2-4-52 Miami	Glenn Olsen (Welterweight)	IBC (NY) and W. H. Pugh	\$6,148.40			
4-16-52 Chicago	Robinson Caroline (Middleweight)	IBC (Ill.)	600,000.32	87,000.00		
5-14-52 Los Angeles	Salen Carlson (Lightweight)	IBC (Ill.) and Col. Eaton	28,217.64	25,000.00		
6-5-52 PHILADELPHIA	Wesley Charles (Heavyweight)	Norman Taylor and IBC (NY)	\$75,333.10	\$75,000.00		
6-25-52 New York	Maxie Robinson (Light Heavy)	IBC (NY)	\$21,424.23	5,000.00 (Radio only)	75,000.00	4,840.00
7-2-52 PHILADELPHIA	Carlton Bratten (Welterweight)	Norman Taylor and IBC (NY)	225,310.10	5,000.00 (Radio only)		
8-25-52 PHILADELPHIA	Marshall Wesley (Heavyweight)	Norman Taylor and IBC (NY)	438,048.35	5,000.00 (Radio only)	100,000.00	\$72,000.00
10-15-52 Chicago	Carlo Salen (Lightweight)	IBC (Ill.)	20,815-51	14,000.00		
12-12-52 St. Louis	Maxie Mason (Light Heavy)	IBC (Mo.)	30,510.10	21,000.00		
2-11-53 Chicago	Carlton Gandy (Welterweight)	IBC (Ill.)	205,007.00	45,000.00		
4-24-53 Boston	Carlton Graham (Lightweight)	Andy Collier Athletic Club and IBC (NY)	\$22,918.27	22,000.00		
5-19-53 Chicago	Marshall Wesley (Heavyweight)	IBC (Ill.)	249,471.54	210,000.00		

IBC has promoted or participated in the promotion of every heavyweight championship bout held in the United States. In order to get a shot at the current champion the current contender had to agree to fight title bouts exclusively for IBC if he won.

And so it went through the other divisions. From Archie Moore to Sandy Saddler, IBC came eventually to own them all, under a system which almost assured perpetual ownership.

(Recently Rocky Marciano's exclusive contract with IBC expired and was not renewed. A fortuitous public feud between Norris and Rocky's manager, Al Weill, may or may not be genuine, but should provide a very timely portion of grist for IBC's defense. IBC can now claim that it no longer controls the heavyweight championship. But IBC certainly controlled Rocky's services during the lush years.)

Another technique by which IBC established control of boxing, the government contends, was by loans to fighters and managers. In a four-year period they totaled at least \$451,967. IBC bookkeeping methods left the government unsure as to whether it was more. The loans were made mostly to champions and contenders. Sugar Ray Robinson, for instance, was lent \$65,854 and Kid Gavilan received \$55,830.

"In view of the substantial amounts of money involved," says the government brief, "the conclusion seems inescapable that boxers and managers owing such substantial amounts must be considerably more amenable and responsive to the wishes of their creditors—the defendants. Indeed, defendants do not gainsay this. Defendant Norris, when questioned as to whether such loans have the effect, *inter alia*, of cementing relationships between promoters and boxers, answered:

"Yes, I would have to think as in any other business, if you do a man a favor, he certainly, if he has an ounce of loyalty in him—he certainly appreciates it."

"Mr. Norris also stated that the promoter who has been giving boxers 'their bread and butter for a long period of time and has been lending them money for taxes and so on . . . ' would be more able to influence boxers than one who was not so engaged."

Thus in 1950 Hymie (The Mink) Wallman borrowed \$12,500 from IBC so that he could purchase Welterweight Johnny Bratton's contract (SI, January 24, 1955), the money to be repaid from proceeds of Bratton's IBC fight. Thereby IBC gained the loyalty of

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**MUSCULAR SHOTPUTTER** Bill Neider of Kansas broke the NCAA record here with a toss of 59 feet 9 inches, then, back home a few days later, climbed into Parry O'Brien's class with one of 60 feet 2 inches.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUSSELL LEE

**RELAXED RUNNERS** line up at right to await starter's command of "On your mark" for special Olympic-distance 100-meter race, while spectators cluster to watch finish in stadium designed for Longhorn football.





# AND DAY TRACK

The Texas Relays play host to athletes from half a continent in two days and a night of rousing competition at Austin



**STYLISH HIGH JUMPER** Ernie Shelton, former Southern California star who has done near-record 6 feet 11 $\frac{1}{4}$  inches, rolls over bar in warm-up before final afternoon exhibition which took him to 6 feet 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  inches.

**FLYING SPRINTER** Bobby Meerow of Abilene Christian, unbeaten in 100 since his junior year in high school, crosses the finish line in 9.5 seconds, comfortably ahead of closest pursuer, Texas' Bobby Whilden.

## WISCONSIN TURNS OUT



The proud city of Madison—the Athens of Wisconsin—proudly played host last week to the national collegiate (NCAA) boxing championships. Typical of Madison's warm,

enthusiastic hospitality to the nation's best college fighters in the scene above: following an awards luncheon, Gov. Walter J. Kahler (front row center, dark suit) led the boys,

# FOR COLLEGE BOXING



PHOTOGRAPH BY ED STEIN

their coaches, University of Wisconsin officials and some of the state's most notable businessmen outside for a group portrait. Later Wisconsin proved to be as

good at fighting as entertaining; before crowds totaling 17,000 the Badgers won the NCAA title and unveiled one fighter the world will hear about (see SI next week)

# THE DAMNDEST YANKEE OF

Infielder Billy Martin, a man of jaunty truculence, is Casey Stengel's pride and joy

**I**F IT WOULD HELP the New York Yankees win a ball game, Billy Martin would stand on his hands at second base and catch grounders with his teeth. He would also be first to light a match if there seemed the slightest likelihood that a Yankee pitcher could throw better with his pants on fire. Billy can imagine nothing quite so hideous as getting beaten at baseball—and since he has come to consider the Yankees as a sort of extension of his own roomy personality, defection by his teammates sears his soul almost as deeply as his own infrequent failings on the field. He does not hesitate to criticize their sins.

Billy is the bee which stings the Yankee rump, the battery which fires the Yankee engine, the fellow who makes the Yankees go. In his six years of perfecting this role he has been roundly booed in almost every park in the American League, has engaged in personal combat with a list of opposing players too long to enumerate and has hustled in to the mound to tell so many eminent Yankee pitchers how to improve themselves that thousands of baseball fans still wonder why his teammates have not hanged him in the clubhouse long since. But Billy has also made his fellow tollers love him—although in some cases it is the sort of affection they might feel for a pet jaguar—and as the 1956 season opens this week it is difficult not to conclude that he is the most valuable as well as the damndest Yankee now extant, and that New York, spurred by his jaunty truculence, will resume its heavy-handed domination of the American League.

If the Army had not netted Billy and put him into khaki during 1954 and 1955, so bullish an estimate of his worth might well sound like romanticism. Baseball giants like Mickey Mantle, Yogi Berra and Whitey Ford are not to be lightly dismissed; and

during spring training, despite a horrid list of cripples, the Yankees have shown power, pitching and whole droves of talented players both young and old. But it is hard to ignore the things that happened to the Yankees when Billy was absent. They lost the American League pennant in 1954 and were wavering perilously late last summer when he got back to New York. Billy minced no words. "I had three cars when I went into the Army," he cried at a secret meeting of Yankee players, "and now I haven't got even one. I'm broke and you're playing as though you're trying to lose. We gotta get into the Series." The Yanks won the pennant and, though Billy had played in but 20 games, voted him a full share of Series money—a truly stupefying act of financial largesse.

## A SPIRITED FELLOW

"Billy," says Casey Stengel, "never went to the university, but he is an intelligent baseball player. All big league players are supposed to know baseball and most of them do. But Billy doesn't have to think for two minutes to do the right thing. He has sense enough to tell other men what to do. He is a spirited fellow and doesn't loaf. He can play second base and third base good. He can play shortstop in the big leagues. He'll make the double play. If you want a bunt, he'll bunt. He can hit singles, doubles, triples and home runs. If you want him to play a new position, he doesn't say, 'No, it will hurt my work.' He will say, 'Yes.' So you understand he is a valuable fellow."

Billy is a good baseball player. He is a team man, first and last. He is shrewd. He is a baseball perfectionist. Though he weighs but 165 pounds, stands 6 feet and looks almost bony in his uniform, he is a powerful man. He is curiously built. He has a modest neck (15½-inch collar), a narrow waist (31-inch belt) and a long torso. But he has

big shoulders, big arms, thick wrists and heavy thighs and calves. Though his big league batting average is only .263 he is a ferocious fellow at the plate when there are men on bases. None of this, however, really explains Billy. "We're all pros here," says Mickey Mantle, his old roommate. "We all want to win. Everybody on this club is good. But Billy gives it something extra. He makes you play harder."

The extra is the imperious Martin personality. Billy is easy to like and easy to forgive; he is generous, he is entertaining, and among his intimates he is a friendly, boyish and charming fellow. When Billy smiles—which is often—he is not only hard to resist but curiously handsome despite the big nose and jug ears which opposing bench jockeys have subjected to so much rancorous description. Ego flickers away inside Billy as steadily as a pilot light in a gas oven. He is a creature of moods and is easily bored; he drums on tables and stuffs nickels into juke boxes to assuage the horrors of inactivity. But he speaks gently and politely. When Billy blows his stack, onlookers generally react as though they were witnessing some fascinating natural phenomenon like the eruption of Krakatoa. Billy is a man of genuine temperament; he is governed by inward pressure rather than malle, but he must reign or burst.

Baseball is Billy's life, but it is easy to visualize him in other roles. Billy would have been perfectly at home among the hot-blooded braves of Cellini's Italy, or among the hot-blooded unionists who organized Big Steel. Give Billy a million dollars and a sports car and you would have a millionaire playboy worthy of any egret ad. Billy is persuasive. Give him three walnut shells and a little elbow room and he would soon have your money. Whenever Billy goes, admirers spring up like magic. Billy rewards them with a dual

# THEM ALL

by PAUL O'NEIL

approbation. When he anchored himself at New York's Edison Hotel this spring after the Yankees had departed for Florida (thereby getting his salary raised from \$17,000 to \$20,000 a year) bellhops, waitresses, guests and room clerks offered him incessant encouragement. When Billy is at home in Berkeley, Calif., his mother serves no vegetables. Billy hates them. Al Paccini, manager of Berkeley Square, his favorite home town bar, stands ready to lend him a new Buick day or night.

Billy is hurt to the quick by his reputation as a troublemaker. "When I was in the Army I was in the Square one night," he said, "and a fellow came in and sat next to me. He said: 'You know who comes in here all the time?' I said, 'No,' and he said 'Billy Martin.' I said: 'No kidding—you know him?' He said, 'Sure, I went to school with him.' Hey, this guy was 40. He had gray hair. 'What's he like?' I asked him. 'Billy?' he says. 'Billy is a big jerk!' I didn't get mad. I got a kick out of it. I let him buy me a lot of drinks. But baseball's different. The Bible says you should turn the other cheek. I think about it a lot. I'll turn the other cheek off the field. But God couldn't have known anything about baseball. In baseball you've gotta be aggressive."

As a second baseman—and consequently a fellow who has to endure the charges of behemoths intent on breaking up the double play—Billy on one occasion was moved to warn off a base runner who hadn't batted for 27 years. He sat next to Ty Cobb at a San Francisco banquet for oldtime baseball players and, on being asked for a few words, rose and said: "I've got a lot of respect for the old players. But I'll tell you this, Mr. Cobb. If I'd been playing when you were playing you'd only have come into second high on me once. After that you wouldn't have had any teeth!" Said Billy, moodily, later:

*continued on next page*



"I just don't like guys who try to spike you on purpose. Let them try and I'll throw it at them. Can I help it if their heads get in the way?"

Billy says, "People think I'm conceited about baseball. But if you don't believe in yourself on a bad day nobody else will. I think I'm better than the pitcher when I go to the plate. I hope I'm a good winner but I won't be a good loser. I holler at the umpire if I think I've had a bad call. People blame me for being confident. A guy wrote me a letter from a different hotel in Los Angeles every day during the last Series. They all said, 'I hope you lose.'"

"A couple of years ago Phil Rizzuto got a letter from some crackpot—the fellow said he was going to shoot Phil during the ball game. I didn't want him to worry when he was playing so I talked him into trading uniforms with me. Mine has No. 1 on the back and everybody sees it. After batting practice Phil came up and said, 'Give me back my uniform. I'd rather get shot than get booed like this.'" Billy added: "They boo me. What are they booing me for? I'm trying to win."

**THE REAL TOUGH LOOK**

"Look—I get in fights. I never started a fight in my life, but God hates a coward and I've never run away from one. I'll tell you this—if I get in a fight I don't want anybody stopping it. I'm not afraid of these big guys. Weight doesn't mean anything. When I was 19 a fight manager out in Oakland wanted me to turn pro. He wanted to manage me. I'd have been a good fighter. I could make the middleweight limit and I can punch harder than most middleweights. The only thing I worry about in a fight is that I get mad. I get vicious. I don't want to stop punching. I don't think much of baseball players who cop a Sunday and then somebody stops the fight. They walk around being cocky. I try not to get into fights but I can't be a coward. So I get booed." Billy reflected a moment. "I look up at the crowd," he said grandly, "and I pity them." Suddenly he grinned delightedly. "Sometimes I give them the real tough look when I go to the dugout. You know—under the eyebrows. It makes them jump."

Billy is not a man to nurse a grudge, and his blackest moods cannot long resist the gaiety which boils around inside him. Life is an exciting affair to Billy—and to those around him. This seems natural enough. Excitement was

his birthright; he comes from people to whom noisy drama was the breath of life. Billy, despite the Anglo-Saxon ring of his name, is of Portuguese-Italian blood. "I'm a Dago," he says happily. "I'm proud of being a Dago."

Billy's mother, a tiny, voluble, hot-tempered and dramatic woman, talks about the family background with great gusto. Her father, Nicholas Salvini, was an Italian fisherman who came to San Francisco in the 1870s. Her mother was a picture bride whom the fisherman imported, sight unseen, from Italy. "He was 35 then and he was bald. Mother was just a young girl. She took

What a big time when he came home!

"I got married when I was only 16. That was to Pisaní, my first husband. I had Frank, that's Billy's oldest brother. Then I married Martin. That Martin! Let's face it, we didn't get along. He left me. Billy's real name is Alfred Martin—I named him after his father, but Martin never came back. God, how I hate that name Alfred. Billy's grandmother used to call him Bellino—in Italian that means pretty. The kids thought it was Billy, and I liked Billy too so that's what he's called. Billy was a 10-month baby. I never thought I'd have him. If I hadn't



**BILLY VENTS AN OPEN-MOUTH BELLOW WHEN CALLED OUT IN 1955 SERIES STEAL OF HOME**

a look at him and started crying and said, 'Oh, I don't wanna marry that old man.' But she did. She was nuts about him. They lived in this same old house here in Berkeley—they came over before the earthquake.

"He used to go away on fishing boats for six months—Alaska, China, I don't know where he went. When he was coming home she used to run up the American flag on the flagpole and send me over to San Francisco to get whisky. I was just 12 or 13. There was a little train that ran down from Oakland to the ferry. We called it in Italian the *dischiu'na* train. I'd take it and go to Martinelli's in San Francisco and get two gallons of whisky—\$1.50 a gallon in those days—and bring it back. He liked whisky for breakfast. When he came in the house he'd have \$200, \$300—a fortune. He'd have a lot of silver and he'd come in and throw that money all over the house.

fallen into the coal bin, I don't think I'd have had him yet; I was hanging up clothes, and I tripped and fell and got all bruised up. The next day I had Billy—right in the room Billy uses now."

Billy's boyhood was one of family warmth, Depression poverty and baseball. "My grandmother," he says, "she used to bite my hand when I was bad, and when I sneaked in late she'd hang me on the back of the head and make me say my prayers in Italian. But she always said: 'You will be a baseball player.'" The old two-story frame house—now fitted out with a gleaming kitchen and a display of kimono-clad dolls Billy has brought his mother from Japan—sits a few blocks from the shore of San Francisco Bay at Point Isabel. His mother's third husband, a placid and kindly Canadian-born truck driver named Jack Downing, sometimes took him duck hunting, and Billy and

*continued on page 60*



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A tense rivalry between Detroit and Seattle and a challenge for the Harmsworth Trophy have meant a busy year for the man who makes the

# HELL-BENT HYDROPLANES

by JIM ATWATER

IN PAST SUMMERS, the calm of the thumb of water called Saginaw Bay that juts down into the mainland of Michigan has been shattered by the guttural roar of sleek, skittish hydroplanes. At the wheel of these bellowing craft has been a husky, serious boatbuilder named Les Staudacher (*de-fair*), who sees nothing unusual about taking the early evening air in a three-point, unlimited hydroplane, heavyweight of powerboat racing. "It's a real safe, comfortable ride up to 150," he said recently. "Hang, one ride in a hydroplane is worth a whole summer of playing around in a sailboat or cruiser."

This spring, however, Staudacher is fresh out of hydros

to play with, done in by the fact that he is by far the most popular builder of the water monsters in the country. In past years, Staudacher has usually managed to reserve one for his own joy riding. But this year the demand for new boats is so great that he is selling everything he makes.

His woodworking shop in the village of Kawkawlin, Mich., near Saginaw Bay, has turned out five boats this winter and has orders for two more. In all, Staudacher has made 25 unlimiteds since 1948 when the class expanded into a full-scale, fiercely competitive sport that last summer drew 500,000 spectators for the Gold Cup alone.

Like everyone who is fascinated by the unlimiteds, Stau-

LES STAUDACHER RESTS AGAINST ONE OF THE 25 STAUDACHER BUILT HYDROPLANES THAT WILL RACE IN THE UNLIMITED CIRCUIT THIS SUMMER





dacher is convinced that everything about this season will come in record-breaking sizes. The field of 19 or so top boats—16 of them built by Staudacher—will be the biggest and most evenly balanced ever to race. Owners in Seattle and Detroit—the twin poles of the sport—have never been stronger, and they have been joined by a flock of other entrants, among them Henry J. Kaiser, who is rapidly becoming a hydroplane devotee. Sixteen races, including the brand-new, \$25,000 Seattle Seafair, are up for sanction, nearly twice as many as were held during last year's record season. And, for the first time in five years, the Harmsworth Trophy, symbol of world supremacy in powerboat racing, is up for grabs. Canada's young Jim Thompson, owner of the hefty *Miss Superstix II*, has challenged the United States' present holder of the cup.

This summer's records will be due in large part to the boatbuilding skill of Staudacher, who knows as well as anyone in the world how to build a racing boat that will stay in one piece when the propeller winds up to 180 mph. At those speeds, the surface of the water is only slightly softer than concrete, and hulls can crack like eggshells. "Racing one of those boats is a constant series of take-offs and landings," says one driver. "You sit there and hope she stays together around you."

Staudacher's three master boatbuilders can whip up a new unlimited in about five weeks. The price: \$15,000, including an Allison engine, the same engine that made the P-51 Mustang fighter one of the fastest planes in World War II. Add to the initial cost a good \$20,000 to keep a hydro in top racing form, and you get an idea of how tense the rivalry between Detroit and Seattle has become, and what the rivalry has meant to Staudacher.

Although Staudacher's primary contribution to the growth of the unlimiteds is as a builder, he is also a designer of considerable skill. He is, in fact, the primary architect of Guy Lombardo's *Tempo VII*, which was by far the best boat in the country toward the end of last summer. He also designed the early *Gale* of Joe Schoenith, Canada's *Miss Superstix II* and, more recently, Kaiser's *Hawaii Kat*.

Staudacher concedes that all the boats designed since 1950, including his own, have been similar to *Sin-Mo IV*, the three-pointer designed by his good friend Ted Jones (SI, Aug. 8, 1955) that won the Gold Cup and set the world speed record for propeller boats. "About all you can do in designing one of these things," Staudacher says, "is to try something and then see what happens. If it works, you leave it alone. You can never put in a wind tunnel or testing tank the conditions you'll race against. One of our owners had a boat one time that had won a lot of races, and he had a model made of it and sent it down to be tested in a tank. The report came back from those engineers saying 'don't build it, it won't go!'"

Any one of a dozen of these temperamental boats could monopolize this summer's big races. Guy Lombardo's *Tempo VII* would be a preseason favorite if her ace driver, Danny Foster, were not now making plans to campaign in the Canadian *Miss Superstix II*. (Harmsworth rules, however, forbid Foster, an American, from driving a Canadian boat in the challenge race.) With or without Foster, *Tempo* will be hard to heat.

Out in Seattle they're organizing a formidable flotilla to bring the Gold Cup back to Lake Washington. Last winter Stan Sayres sold *Sin-Mo V*, the boat that backflipped in last summer's Gold Cup, to a group of 15 fellow townsmen who have patched her up, renamed her *Miss Seattle* and plan to lick Detroit singlehanded. Sayres still

*continued on next page*



**DETROIT TEAM** of Bill Cantrell (left), Joe Schoenith and Lee Schoenith won Gold Cup with Staudacher's *Gale V* (above) last season, have three boats poised for title defense on September 1.



**SEATTLE TEAM** of Designer Ted Jones, Driver Bill Munney and Owner Willard Rhodes just missed Gold Cup with *Miss Thriftway* last year, are among top challengers of Schoenith supremacy.



**NEW YORK TEAM** of Guy Lombardo and Danny Foster, with *Tempo VII*, was hottest in circuit toward end of last season. This year Foster is planning to drive *Miss Superfast II* in early races.



**CANADIAN TEAM** of Jim Thompson (left), owner, and Harnsworth Driver Bill Braden, Ontario, is preparing to race Staudacher-built *Miss Superfast II* in challenge against the U.S.

has *Slo-Mo IV*; and although he has retired from racing, no one really thinks he'll be able to stay out when the rooster tails start to fly. Groceryman Willard Rhodes, who nearly won the Gold Cup last year with his new *Miss Thriftway*, designed by Ted Jones, will be back with the same boat.

During the winter Staudacher built three exact duplicates of *Miss Thriftway* for Bill Boeing, son of the founder of Seattle's Boeing Airplane Co., and Bill Waggoner, an oil, cattle and cotton bar from Arizona. Henry J. Kaiser is going about this business of hydroplanes with typical dash. His *Huacai Kai* was hitting 193 mph last month in a speed trial and appeared to be setting a world's record when her rudder sheared off and she somersaulted into kindling wood, breaking the leg of her driver. Kaiser owns another hydro called *Scouter Too*, and has placed an order with Staudacher for a replacement of *Huacai Kai*.

Back in Detroit where the Gold Cup will be run this year, the owners are well prepared for the invasion from the West Coast. The paint is hardly dry on George Simon's new *Miss U.S. II*. Bud Saile and Jack Schafer are both entering with twin-engine unlimiteds. But the backbone of the Detroit fleet is Joe Schoenith, a wiry, cheerful electrical contractor who has been the sport's most consistent winner over the years. His magnificently serviced *Gules* have won the high-point championship for the past three seasons, and last summer *Gule V*, driven by his son, Lee, won the Gold Cup. For the upcoming campaign, Schoenith has three lime, blue and mahogany *Gules* set to go: *Gule IV*, which was hot and cold last year; *Gule V*, a completely made-over version (Les Staudacher, builder) of the Gold Cup champion which was broken up last fall to provide parts for her younger sisters; and *Gule VI*, a hippy, two-engine craft that weighs four tons—nearly a ton and a half more than single-engine boats.

Across the border at a farm on the outskirts of London, Ontario is the boat that may surprise everyone—Jim Thompson's *Miss Superfast II*. One grim December day just before the ice started to form on the lakes, Les Staudacher took her for a spin and came back goggle-eyed. "I thought she'd never get up to 100," he said, "but then all of a sudden you couldn't get off the throttle fast enough, she took off so. Scare you to death, you know."

Because so many owners will be racing such evenly matched boats, this summer may become primarily a contest of driving skill. "In the old days," said Wild Bill Cantrell, longtime driver and mechanic for the Schoenith team, "you used to sit there and put your foot on it and turn left." But with the coming of the Staudacher-Jones type of hydro, this method of driving not only loses races, but has become a sure route to the hospital. Now, the emphasis is on skill, as Detroit George Simon discovered in his first race a few years back, when he tried putting his foot on it and turning left. "The water was rough," said Simon, "but I was eager. I'm going into a turn at about 130 when all of a sudden I can't back off fast enough. We took off and bounced three times, and the third time I came down I was all alone. The boat had disintegrated."

The great Lou Fageol, who gave up racing after his flip in *Slo-Mo V* last summer, put into words recently what many drivers have thought for a long time about these wickedly dangerous but fascinating boats. "It always scared hell out of me to drive one," he said. "And if it doesn't scare hell out of you when you get behind a wheel, you'd better not drive, because you'll kill yourself." **END**



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As Needles, racing's winter champion, awaits the test at Louisville, Easterners are talking about

## A WHITNEY ENTRY

by WHITNEY TOWER

THE FIRST few weeks of the New York racing season have pretty well established that the East's two leading challengers of Needles for Kentucky Derby favoritism are Career Boy and Head Man. Both these colts were conditioning in South Carolina while Needles, the Florida champion, was making such a name for himself this winter. When they eventually came north to Jamaica to carry the Eton-blue and brown colors of C. V. Whitney, it didn't take New Yorkers long to realize this entry was loaded with talent.

First, Trainer Syl Veitch sent Head Man out to win the Experimental Free Handicap over Nail, and last week Career Boy ran over his opposition in the mile-and-a-sixteenth Gotham with such ease (including the last quarter in 24 seconds) that some railbirds dared to suggest that Veitch has the strongest Derby entry since Citation and Countdown finished one-two in 1948.

Career Boy, who looks black although he is listed as a dark brown, is, according to Veitch, just about

faultless in appearance if you are willing to overlook his large lop ears. Like his sire, Phalanx, he is a late runner who goes about five-eighths of a mile before leveling out. When he started his move in the Gotham—after being last at the half-mile pole—even Veitch became very excited. Later Syl said he thought he noticed something significant in Career Boy's running style. "When he leveled out," he described it, "he was practically running on his belly—real low to the ground. The way he ran he is the only horse I've ever seen who reminds me of Equipoise. The difference between the two—so far—is that when Equipoise got past the leaders he'd cut sharply in toward the rail—a bad habit that got him a lot of disqualifications. Well, Career Boy doesn't have that habit, thank goodness. And I'd say that if he turns out to be just half as good as Equipoise he'll be worth owning."

Head Man, a roan son of Eight Thirty and, like Career Boy, out of a Mahmoud mare, is longer-bodied and

bigger than his stablemate, not in any way ugly but nonetheless lacking some of the elements of perfect balance which you notice right away in Career Boy. Veitch isn't ready to offer an opinion as to which of the two colts may be the better, but he expects to learn a lot between now and Derby Day. This week, for instance, Head Man is expected to start in the Wood Memorial at Jamaica—his first effort over the mile-and-an-eighth route. Career Boy, meanwhile, has shipped to Kentucky for the Blue Grass at Keeneland on April 26. After that it will be the Derby Trial at Louisville for Head Man, then the Derby itself for both colts.

If Veitch thinks he has two good runners going for him against Needles he can also rest assured that he will have two of the country's leading riders aboard the entry. Eric Guerin has the mount on Career Boy, and Eddie Arcaro has asked to ride Head Man—which he most certainly will do unless he is held tightly to a prior commitment to ride Nashua in Jamaica's Grey Lag Handicap on Derby Day.

Although he was running against "nothing," as they say, in the Broward Handicap at Gulfstream last Saturday, Swaps's first start in two months will rank as one of the most brilliant performances of an already amazing career. All the California chestnut did was carry 130 pounds to a new world record of 1:39.3 5 over the mile-and-70-yard distance—and, at that, was being eased up at the finish. The old record of 1:40, by the way, was set way back in 1945 at River Downs, Cincinnati by the 3-year-old South Dakota, who, for his record-breaking occasion, was carrying only 122 pounds.

If we are to search for any significance to Swaps's glorious Florida debut, I think the main point to be made is that Owner Rex Ellsworth and Trainer Mush Tenney proved themselves correct in playing the waiting game with their champion rather than succumbing to the demands of the public and the press to race him before he was truly ready. I am reminded of something Tenney told me at Gulfstream while he was being criticized for not sending Swaps against Nashua last month. "With the tender condition of Swaps's foot," said Mush, "I'm still trying to bring him along slowly. I refuse to start the horse until he's ready. . . . When we're ready we'll meet Nashua or any other horse—it makes no difference." It would appear, gentlemen, that Ellsworth, Tenney and Swaps are ready. And how! **END**

### DERBY ELIGIBLES: HOW THEY'RE DOING

**NEW YORK:** Horse to watch in this week's Wood may be *Beam Rider*, a 12-length winner in his only 1956 start . . . Passage to Louisville may be earned through good showings in the Wood by *Nail* (who still must prove he can go a distance), *Gus Shot*, *Happy New Year*, *Jean Baptiste* and *Telluruss*.

**KENTUCKY:** Calumet's *Fabius* and *Pinto Lea* ran one-two in the six-furlong Lanark at Keeneland . . . Hartack took the latter the long way around and was gaining at the finish . . . *Countdown* was third . . . *Career Boy* reached Keeneland by rail for 12 days of local training before the Blue Grass Stakes . . . *Needles* checked in at Churchill Downs and may, after all, get in one race before the Derby . . . Arkansas Derby winner *Johns*

*Chir* also on hand and probably due to start in the Derby Trial on May 1.

**FLORIDA:** Santa Anita Derby winner *Terrany*, top prospect of the Ellsworth string, turned in best effort in week, winning at mile and 70 yards at Gulfstream in 1:40 2 5 . . . *Ben A. Jones* was second . . . *Like Magic*, stablemate of the winner, was scratched.

**MARYLAND:** Broomer won first starts of his career, covering six furlongs of Governor's Gold Cup in 1:11 1 5 at Bowie . . . He'll get chance against tougher opposition in this week's Chesapeake at Laurel . . . Among possible starters will be *Enslaved*, *Beau Pond* and *Born Mighty*, the last a stablemate of *Career Boy* and *Head Man* and a close winner of his last start at Jamaica.



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**TIP FROM THE TOP**



**BABE ZAHARIAS, Tampa, Fla.**

For golfers of all  
degrees of skill

During my career in golf I have seen countless poor shots caused by all kinds of errors. However, if I were asked to name the one chief error that undermines both the high- and low-handicap players, I would without hesitation nominate the almost universal striving for greater distance. Though I am a naturally long hitter, I have been subject myself to this fault from time to time, so I know from my own experience how disastrous it can be. By pressing for extra distance, you hope to gain added yardage, but what happens is that you lose your balance and your timing, and all you gain are added woes: O.B. and P.L.—out of bounds and probably lost.

When I was a young girl just setting out in golf, I knew that my appeal for the spectators was my ability to smack the ball farther than a good many low-handicap men players. All I did for a while was to try to hit the ball a mile. I made my point. I was known as a long hitter. But I was so erratic that I wasn't really much of a golfer. It was only when I got some common sense and started to build a sound swing on a sound foundation that I began to become a player.



NEXT WEEK'S PRO: AL ESPOSITO ON BANKSIDE LIES

## BULLS OF DEATH

continued from page 25

dancer in a flat-crowned Cordovan hat, rib-length jacket and glistening black boots. "They are bringing some of the bulls for you to see now," he said, pointing to a distant line of hillocks. On their crest I could make out the silhouettes of moving cattle, accompanied by *mayorales* on horseback, carrying long poles. "But we have time before they get here," he added.

He led me across a patio, sweet-smelling with honeysuckle and aenea,



**DON EDUARDO** still rules himself to the *faena*, the testing of the young bulls.

toward the rear of the house. We passed a miniature bull ring, wherein—so Don Eduardo informed me—young Eduardo IV practiced passes on a goat. Tiled floors and lowered blinds made the house cool inside. On a heavy refectory table had been laid out almonds, squares of goat cheese and a sherry dry as gunpowder. As we sipped and munched, Don Eduardo expatiated on the mementoes of past *tauroma* glory that crowded the walls. The prize exhibit was the head of the Miura bull, Coralito, who was posthumously awarded a silver ear in 1940 by the officials of the Valencia bull ring for "bravery and nobility."

Don Eduardo told me that the Miura herd numbers only 500 head at present, half its former strength. The decline began during the Spanish Civil

War, when no *corridos* were fought and fighting bulls were slaughtered for meat. Nor did Don Eduardo think the head could be increased much because of the reduction of pasturage.

Of the 500 head, about 250 were cows, 150 bulls (eight of them seed bulls), 80 calves and 20 oxen. "Oxen have a calming effect on bulls," Don Eduardo explained, "and they are always used when maneuvering a herd from place to place." Sixty of the bulls have shown the requisite qualities to be marked out for important *corridos*. A brave Miura in perfect health may fetch the equivalent of \$800 to \$1,000, so that Don Eduardo had something like \$50,000 worth of fighting bulls on the hoof, an immense sum by Spanish standards.

A young *mayoral*, swarthy as bark, his black leather chaps hanging against his thighs, bustled in to tell us that the bulls were approaching. We left our sherries unfinished. As we came around to the front of the house again, I started back involuntarily. Barely 20 feet away, with no more than a low split-rail fence between them and us, stood two score or more of big, black bulls, their sleek hides glistening in the blazing sun. In arenas I had seen infuriated bulls hurdle a *barra* twice as high.

Some of the Miuras were honing their horns against a tree trunk or a rock, others tore at the scrub with their teeth, still others—nostrils flaring and head erect—stared at us fixedly. At a short distance the *mayorales* sat their mounts, still as statues, watching.

I had always understood that a fighting bull would attack any living thing on sight, and I asked Don Eduardo what stopped them from charging us or the *mayorales*. A myth, he assured me laughingly. Bulls have a strong herd instinct and seldom get mad when in a group; they will, in fact, usually turn away if approached. Only out of the herd do they become murderous and then only if they feel threatened or hemmed in, as when they find themselves between a fence and some moving object.

At a sign from Don Eduardo a servant rolled out a Land Rover, with a silver statuette of a Miura bull for a radiator cap. Don Eduardo motioned me to get in and, encasing his slender hands in white string gloves, drove on to the range. As we bounced through tall grass over the trackless range, my host told me that some people still

continued on next page

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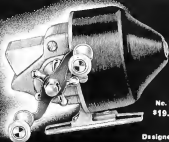
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## RULES OF DEATH

continued from page 43

attribute the Muras' superior qualities to a secret family formula. But he assured me that he adheres to the same traditional, almost ritualistic methods of every other breeder. "We bring the cows and bulls together by St. Joseph," he said, using a peasant expression, meaning that the mating season begins on the saint's day, March 19, "and we separate them by St. John [June 24]."

The formative years of a fighting bull are trying ones. Shortly after birth a *campesino* notches his ears with a knife in a pattern which identifies the *ganaderia*. The Muras get a V and a semi-circle sliced out of their left ear and a straight cut along the tip of the right. A little later, to toughen them emotionally, they are removed from their mother's care, and a few months after that deprived of female companionship altogether, the heifers being transferred to the opposite end of the range. The branding takes place when they are about one year old.

Two years is the age for the crucial *ficata* (testing). To the *ganaderia* in early spring Don Eduardo invites a few select gentlemen *toreros* and a professional matador or two. The matadors are always pleased to attend, for the bulls under observation may one day fall to their lot in the arena.

### HEELS OVER TAIL

Some breeders test in a closed corral, similar to a bull ring, where a horseman waits motionless to see if the bull will charge without being incited. Don Eduardo prefers the open range. In this method horsemen chase the bull until he turns, then knock him heels over tail with a pole thrust under the rump. If he runs away, Don Eduardo may shout "¡Buey loco!" and condemn him to castration and the meat market. If the bull shows some fight, he may be consigned to a *novillado* (bull-fights fought by *novilleros*, those not qualified for the title of matadors). If he charges hard and often, the triumphant cry goes up of "¡Toro!" and he is left again to run wild on the range until he reaches the optimum age and size for combat. Under the rules of the *corridos* he must be at least 4 years old and weigh no less than 900 pounds. To add the last bit of beef, Don Eduardo's *señoritas* graze-feed the bulls from troughs scattered around the range for about two months before delivering them to the ring.

As a further indication of what stuff a bull may be made, his mother is



tested too. The matadors and the more venturesome guests play her with a cape. Don Eduardo drove me to the small arena, about a mile from the house, which he maintains for this operation. An aroused cow of fighting stock can easily kill a man, and the arena is equipped, like a full-size one, with fixed wooden shields, called *barileiros*, to duck behind when the going gets rough. Between the *barileiros* and the main wall there is barely enough room for a man as spare as Don Eduardo to squeeze into, a hazard which tickles his sense of humor. "I call them magic weight reducers," he said. "Fear can make anybody thin enough to get through. I've seen fat men twice as wide as the space disappear into it—and then get stuck there."

Immense and lethal though the Miuras are, I had been assured by experts all over Spain that they were once much more so. Don Eduardo readily conceded this. "Nowadays," he told me, "we deliberately breed down the head and horns." He ascribed the change not to any whim of the breeders themselves, but to the influence of Spain's three greatest matadors. Belmonte created, and Joselito and Manolete refined, a hair's-breadth, close style, now demanded by the public, which is possible only with smaller, lighter bulls of shorter horn.

Don Eduardo led me next to a series of abandoned cattle pens, which he proceeded to open for my inspection. Suddenly a breathless *mayoral* came lathering up to us. "Don't open that last one!" he yelled. "We've put a seed bull inside temporarily."

The news sent Don Eduardo into a gale of laughter. "Might have been interesting," was his reaction.

"Just what would have happened," I asked weakly, "if you'd opened that door?"

"Why, we'd have had to stand and fight!"

He was still enjoying the joke when we got back to the house. The *mayorales* were rounding up the bulls and we watched them lumber off again towards the distant hills. "We'll pick our six bulls from that lot for the Pamplona fiesta next month," Don Eduardo said.

I made a mental note of this and when the time came I studied the critical reports of the fiestas. The bulls, it seemed, had been fully up to standard. But the legend had proved too much for the three matadors. They took no risks, keeping as far away as possible and killing quickly. It was one of the shortest bullfights on record. **END**



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# 20 MILLION FISHERMEN

## vs. 30 BILLION FISH

by ED ZERN

As seasons open across the nation, an SI expert reports on the 1956 outlook for fresh-water fish

*For the West Coast's winter steelheader the fishing year 1956 may have begun on January 1st with a shivery trip to the Umpqua or the Klamath or the Nookach. For the winter-vacationing Easterner it may have begun in February with a chartered boat trip to the Gulf Stream out of Palm Beach or Miami or Tavernier. But the first season is regarded as something of a freak, even by his fellow fishermen, and the second is not a fisherman at all, in the pure, psychiatric sense of the word (unless, of course, he came to Florida seeking the presence of fish rather than the absence of snow).*

**T**HUS for most anglers throughout the United States and Canada the fishing year is just now beginning—and not until June or July will it really achieve its peak. By then nearly 20 million men, women and children in 48 states will have paid out about \$40 million for licenses and will be happily catching a conservatively estimated 100 million game fish and a quarter of a billion pan fish. Of the 20 million, nearly two-thirds will pursue at least one of the four popular species portrayed in bait's-eye perspective on the opposite and following pages.

By and large, this army of anglers will be using tackle and techniques basically unchanged since their great-grandfathers went fishing. In fact, fly-fishing is at least 3,000 years old; the catching of fish on trolled lures predates the Christian era; and nobody is certain which beetle-browed caveman first skewered an earthworm on a thorn hook and hopefully dangled it in a river

on the end of an elk's tendon (although it is known for sure that a chap whose cave overlooked the pool came by and quietly told him he should have been there yesterday).

There are, of course, some recent tackle developments: the growth of spin fishing and the use of synthetic materials for rodmaking are the most important. The spin fisherman employs a relatively new mechanical device for casting a bait or lure or weighted fly, and the mixed feelings with which ang-

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As part of its seasonal look at the world of fish and fishermen, SI in the next four issues will present intimate portraits of the brown trout, the eastern brook trout and an appreciation of the father of the modern fly rod. Hiram L. Leonard

---

lers view this method are reactions to spin tackle's chief characteristics: it's so easy to use that a) anyone can catch fish with it after a few minutes' practice and b) it de-emphasizes casting skill and stream craft and overemphasizes the mechanical advantages of the tackle.

In England, where the bulk of good fishing water is still privately controlled, spin fishing has long been banned on most trout streams. In the United States, where the possibility of such restrictive laws is remote, observers at recent sportmen's shows have reported a promising revival of interest in fly-rod fishing, and veteran fly rodgers hope the pendulum has now started to swing back, and that spinning will soon assume the same

limited (but important) position it now holds in England.

As for the new rodmaking materials, it now seems certain that just as bamboo rods can't compete with the so-called "glass rods" in the low and middle price ranges, neither can synthetics compete with natural cane in the highest price brackets (from \$100 to \$300), and that the split-bamboo rod will survive a while longer, if only as a luxury item. (But SI spies reported several glass rods on the Restigouche Club's hallowed salmon pools last season, in the hands of men who could easily afford the most expensive Payne or Leonard or Orvis split-cane rod.

The new 1956 model lures, of which there are hundreds, are almost all trademarked variations on ancient fish-getting themes: the metal spoon, the wooden or plastic plug, the metal spinner, the "Devon minnow" revolving lure, the top-water "bug" for fly-rod use; and in salt water—the feathered jig, the wooden plug, the "hock tin" squid, the spoon. The bait fisherman will find few improvements in earthworms, hellgrammites, crawfish, shiners, frogs, salamanders, sandworms, lamprey-eel larvae, mice, shrimp, grasshoppers, crickets, grubs, cockroaches, fiddler crabs and other tried-and-true enticements for fresh- and salt-water fishes, but he will be happy with the old familiar models.

More important, however, than any new techniques or lures is the recently read about discovery by fresh-water fish biologists that most warm-water lakes are badly underfished, that it is

*test continued on page 53*



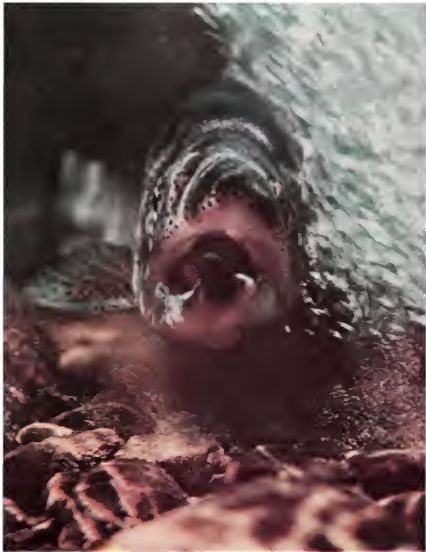
### **LARGEMOUTH BLACK BASS**

Rated by many as the most popular game fish in the country, the largemouth ranges from southern Canada to northeastern Mexico, is native to 33 states and has been introduced widely in all other states. An indiscriminate feeder, it prefers weedy waters with mud bottoms, and when fully grown usually weighs between four and eight pounds.



### MUSKELLUNGE

Known affectionately as the "musky," this largest member of the pike family is to be found in the weed beds of shallow bays of lakes, large rivers and mud-bottomed northern U.S. waters. Because it is so hard to catch, it is highly prized by fishermen. Average weight when adult is 10 to 30 pounds, but the world's record stands at 69 pounds 11 ounces.



### **RAINBOW TROUT**

Most acrobatic of all American trout, the rainbow is perhaps the most famous fresh-water game fish. Usually found in cold white water with a high oxygen content, it is native along the Pacific slopes from Alaska to California but it has also been introduced successfully over a large part of the country. Average weight is two to three pounds.



### CHAIN PICKEREL

Second cousin to the muskellunge, the pickerel here falls victim to its voracious appetite and is hooked on artificial lure. This game fighter is found in shallow waters and weedy areas from eastern Canada southward, from east of the Appalachians to Florida and in the Mississippi valley down to Missouri and Texas. Average weight is two to three pounds.

## FISHERMEN AND FISH

continued from page 18

virtually impossible to "fish out" a bass lake or perch pond and that even in some heavily fished waters, more fish died of old age than were caught. As a result, many states have declared year-round open seasons for warm-water species and have liberalized or even abolished creel and size limits.

The weather, as always, played a great part in shaping future fishing conditions. In the East, fresh-water fishermen found some favorite trout streams badly damaged by last year's several hurricanes, and some lakes and ponds altered by washed-out dams and fish-barriers. The Brodhead Creek in Pennsylvania headed the list of casualties: the cover was stripped from the streamside, pools were filled with silt, the deep runs were flattened out and it will be a decade, say stream biologists, before the Brodhead will again be a good trout stream. In Connecticut, the Housatonic suffered almost as badly, and there are few coastal rivers that don't show flood damage to the pools and to aquatic insect life.

In the West, too, there was flood damage in some northern steelhead rivers, notably Oregon's Klamath, but throughout the West alarmed sportsmen were confronted by an even greater threat. This was what seemed to some observers a determination on the part of the Army's Corps of Engineers and the Department of Interior's

Bureau of Reclamation to slap a dam across every gorge and valley in sight, often with seemingly total disregard for the migration of fish (especially steelhead trout and salmon coming in from the sea to spawn) and for wildlife and recreational values. Even the Madison River in Montana, considered by many fishermen to be America's greatest trout stream, was slated by the Bureau of Reclamation for a series of storage and diversion dams. But in other parts of the country, dams were credited with increasing recreational and fishing facilities a thousand fold. Such man-made lakes as Kentucky, Center Hill, Fontana, Mead, Mussel Shoals and Elephant Butte will provide fun and sport for more than five million Americans this year.

And everywhere there will be more fishermen than ever before, with more leisure time for fishing and more money for fishing tackle and trips—even with more fish, for an estimated quarter of a billion legal-sized game fish will be planted in public waters by federal and state hatcheries during the year, to augment the 30 billion or more game and pan fish already inhabiting the waters of North America. And while some far-sighted states are buying or leasing the fishing rights on lakes and streams for public use, private clubs are increasing in number each year and often leasing fishing waters and closing them to non-members. "It's a race," said one observer, "and it's too soon yet to say who's going to win." **END**



"And then I walloped the cover right off a high inside curve that cleared the right-field wall by about 50 feet and must have rolled halfway up Fujiyama."

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# THE OUTDOOR WEEK

EDITED BY ED ZERN AND TOM LINEAWEAVER

Based on regular weekly dispatches from SI bureaus and special correspondents in the U.S., Canada, Mexico and overseas; and on reports from fish and game commissions of the 48 states and Alaska

## CALL OF THE WILD

ROVER is a nice dog of nondescript origin. He may bark a bit at strangers, but he is gentle with the children and likes to ride in the car. This spring, though, the nation's Rovers have turned killer. It happens every spring and winter, too, in New Hampshire, Vermont, New York, Wisconsin, Oregon, Washington and many other deer-inhabited states. Rover owners can't believe it, but what Rover was doing in Idaho last week is a convincing case in point. Around Montpelier snow was still deep and browse short for the 800 deer and 12 elk in the surrounding country. Weak and tired, they drifted near town and when Landowner Jimmy Headley heard barking one day he knew that Rover was about his bloody spring business. Headley put in a call for Conservation Officer Lance Townley who snowshoed into Montpelier Creek. There he found a large buck trying to hold off five dogs. Townley opened fire and dropped the dogs, but he was too late. By the time he got there the buck was dead.

Townley returned to Montpelier and appealed to sportsmen for help. So far 60 dogs of every breed, many with collars and licenses, have been shot. But the deer kill goes on. More than 25 carcasses have been located near Montpelier.

## STARLINGS BY STOUT

THAT SEDENTARY and eccentric genius of American detective fiction, Nero Wolfe, insists each spring on a starling dinner. To Wolfe, as unashamed and practiced gourmet, the little birds are an unsurpassable dish. Spring is here, there is no bag limit on starlings and, with this in mind, SI queried Mr. Wolfe for an appropriate recipe. Unfortunately he was cloistered with his orchids and hence incommunicado. Rex Stout, however, who is Boswell to Archie Goodwin just as Archie is to Wolfe, is a starling man

himself and gladly provided the following information for SI sportsmen: starling dinners are best enjoyed in April. Mr. Stout allows four birds to a guest and may shoot a few more than necessary as insurance against stringy oldsters or those hopelessly impregnated with shot. He feathers the birds and marinates them in red wine for 12 hours before broiling. Young, tender starlings may be ready after 25 minutes at moderate heat, but 40 minutes is average. Stout uses many sauces, but prefers an herby béarnaise laced with tarragon, fresh only (dried tarragon is too strong). He adds the tiniest dash of allspice and half a sage leaf to the basic sauce. "Flavor to taste," advises the famous author, "and deliberate a bit over whether or not half a bay leaf will add just about the right touch." To qualified female readers the genial Mr. Stout, though no Wolfe, offers a Goodwin-esque suggestion: if they are between the ages of 22 and 26 and will submit a photograph for study, he will gladly consider cooking a platter of starlings for them.

## FISH BOX

Among recent exceptional catches: a 36-pound 4-ounce YELLOWTAIL, largest of year, taken off Coronado Islands by Ralph Luckenbach of San Diego, on bait; a 31-pound SNOK caught on live shrimp in the Alafia River near Tampa, by Jack Glover of Tampa; a 7-pound 14-ounce LARGEMOUTH BASS, caught in Lake of the Ozarks by Harold Haun of Winchester, Ill.; an 11-pound 1-ounce LARGEMOUTH BASS caught at Bull Shoals Lake by Denver Cook of Salem, Mo.; a 9-pound 12-ounce RAINBOW TROUT caught in Knife River near Duluth, by Gerald Tresser of Duluth; a 35½-inch STEELHEAD TROUT that weighed 22 pounds dressed, caught by Jay Bowman of Tacoma, in the Skokholm River on a worm; a 9½-pound LARGEMOUTH BASS caught in Center Hill Lake by Fred Smith of Springfield, Tenn., on a plug; a 160-pound TARPON caught at Islamorada, Fla., on 15-pound test plug-casting tackle by William Steinmetz of Chicago.

In Idaho, Rover displays a nasty though national characteristic; in Connecticut, Rex Stout cooks a starling; and in Texas the sporting conscience manifests itself

## THE HAY LINE

MORE THAN 18,000 Jackson Hole, Wyo. elk have been fed about 4,000 tons of hay this past winter, according to United States Fish and Wildlife Service figures. During the exceptionally severe months, reports the service, 11,600 elk were devouring 1,300 bales of hay every 24 hours.

## THE SPORTING CONSCIENCE

WHEN Texas Flying Warden Claude Keller crasped to his death while spotting illegal net fishermen along the Gulf Coast, Ken Force, outdoors editor of the *Dallas Morning News*, wrote a sharp column about "these forgotten men" who risk their lives to enforce game laws, yet receive few of the benefits accorded police officers.

Force's column prompted a woman to write him a letter challenging anyone who had shot one over the limit, gunned before or after legal hours, or permitted his chauffeur to shoot a buck for him last fall to pay the penalty by sending a contribution to the widow of Claude Keller. Force published the letter and was deluged by phone calls.

More than \$200 has been contributed so far (it helped defray funeral expenses for which the state is not liable in the case of wardens) and, like Ohio—"Test Case (Cont.)" SI, March 26—Texas is now scrambling to allow game wardens those benefits enjoyed by other law enforcement officers.

## THE YOUNG TURKS

NEW YORK Conservation Department officials who have been trying to re-establish wild turkeys in the state received some encouraging news last week. A Cattaraugus County school bus driver had to stop his vehicle to let a flock of 40 hale and hearty birds cross the road.





# Look, Ma! Sailor Suits!

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHRISTA



SAILOR-LACED shirts (\$2.50), elastic-waistband shorts (\$2.95), clam diggers (\$1.95, all Sateco) in red, white and blue are worn by Susan Crary (left) and Heidi Marsellus.

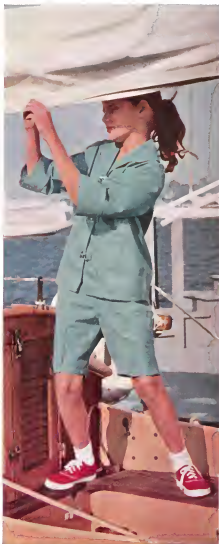
WHEN America's five million boat-owning families put out on lake, river and sea this summer, their estimated 10 million children will have a better chance than ever before of looking as shipshape as their craft. There may be no real correlation between the boom in babies and the boom in boats, but the children's wear segment of the garment industry has geared itself for both, with a record number of firms turning out clothing well-designed for action on board. While nautical themes have been familiar in children's clothing since 1850 when the first child's sailor suit appeared in Victorian England and the Queen herself adopted it for the royal children, today's trend is to practicality as well as detail.

This year's boating clothes are made of water-repellent poplins or sailcloth itself and stitched with the sailmaker's stitch. Authentic signal flag prints, new in the children's field, make up into instructive miniature shorts and shirt. The toggle jacket, now so popular with grownups, is available this summer in several versions for children. To show just how the new boating clothes fit the activities of the upcoming generation of crew and captain, SI went to the Newport Harbor Yacht Club south of Los Angeles and photographed the boating small fry there. The clothes the children liked best themselves are those with authentic detail that look "in place" in the epic and span world of the sea. Here the youngsters not only know how to comport themselves as passengers, but are also real crew members with their own duties on the family pleasure craft.

WATER-REPELLENT poplin jacket (Tidykine, \$4.95) worn by Holt Bundy is warmly lined, has matching poplin slacks (\$2.95).



SIGNAL-FLAG-printed short shorts and shirt (Catalina, \$2.50 and \$1.98) are worn for dock duties by 6½-year-old Gail Cary.



BLUEBERRY-COLOR poplin jacket, shorts (White Stag, \$4.98 and \$3.98) worn by Shelley Binford are good for hot days.



**TRADITIONAL SAIL CLOTH** in cabin-boy jacket and shorts (White Stag, \$4.50 and \$3.98), worn here by 10-year-old Shelley, and

cotton-shirt in traditional red-and-white stripes (Carltons, \$2.50) worn by 3-year-old Holt Bundy are fit and proper for sailing.

**CANDY-COLOR** clothes (Glen of Michigan) are worn by crew of the *Dirty Bird*: Susan Crary, 9, in striped shirt and shorts (each

\$2.98), Shelley in sailor jacket (\$3.98) and Bermudas (\$3.98) and Nancy Hill, 4, in small-size jacket (\$4.98), shorts (\$3.98).



## THE CASE AGAINST THE IBC

continues from page 29

Wallman and Wallman got control of Bratton, who won the NBA welter title. The government has a deposition from Truman Gibson Jr. that similar loans were made "in many other cases." (Around boxing it is believed that Lippy Breidbart became manager of Hurricane Jackson, No. 2 heavyweight contender, with an IBC loan.)

So runs the government brief. It argues that IBC grabbed control of the big fighters and the big arenas, eliminated the competition of other promoters and maintained control by requiring contenders to guarantee IBC their exclusive services. Thus, it holds, is a violation of the Sherman Antitrust Act.

Against this contention, IBC lawyers may perhaps argue that boxing is not in interstate commerce and hope that the Supreme Court will reverse its 6-to-2 decision to the contrary. Or it may, perhaps, offer a legalistic contention that championship boxing is not a field that can be monopolized, since it competes with nonchampionship boxing for the public's attention and money. But government figures point out the vast difference, in dollars, between championship and nonchampionship boxing. The IBC's average championship fight has produced gross revenues of \$154,000, and the average nonchampionship IBC fight in bigtime stadiums like Madison Square Garden, Chicago Stadium, Yankee

Stadium and the Polo Grounds has returned only \$40,000. In lesser arenas the returns, naturally, are far less.

And, of course, if IBC controls the fighter's goal—the championship—its influence on him as to where and when and whom he fights is enormous. If it determines, as promoter-matchmaker for TV sponsors, who fights whom on television and what loyal copromoter shall share its fees in an occasional Washington, Miami, Los Angeles or San Francisco TV bout, its influence on boxing is greater than any promotional organization has ever enjoyed in the history of the sport.

What could happen to the IBC organization is problematical. The government has not indicated in its brief what recommendations it would make in the event of a verdict against IBC in the case of the United States of America vs. the International Boxing Club of New York, Inc., et al. Whoever wins, the possibility of prolonged appeal is high.

In other words, if IBC wants to promote a Hurricane Jackson-Floyd Patterson-Archie Moore series of elimination fights with an eye to a real solid gate for Rocky Marciano's final bow in the ring, the law's delays may well permit. After all, this suit was first filed, on recommendation of a federal grand jury, in March 1952. END

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## BILLY MARTIN

continued from page 35

his friends built rafts and endlessly searched for crippled birds which other hunters had missed.

"But we were broke," says Billy. "There were five of us kids. When I went to Berkeley High School I never went to a dance. I didn't have the right clothes. My high school letter—that's what I had." Billy's real alma mater was James Kenney Playfield, a neatly turfed municipal diamond one block from home, and Billy's real education involved but one subject: baseball. He learned in a hard school. To most of the men and boys in his neighborhood, weekend games at the playfield were the very meaning of existence. Semipro players, big leaguers, coast leaguers, men in their 30s and hopeful teen-agers gathered there to choose up sides. The rivalry was fierce—the big leaguer who did not try was benched. Billy asked and gave no quarter, and by the time he was a bony, hot-eyed kid of 16 he had caught the eye of Red Adams, trainer for the Oakland A's.

Adams took to smuggling him into the Oakland ball park, putting him in an Oakland uniform and sending him out to warm up with the team. "I felt funny," Billy says. "I was too bashful to ask to bat. But Red told Casey [Stengel then managed the A's] that I was going to be a good player. Casey rasped: 'Who—that scarecrow!'" But one day the next summer Casey consented to let Martin come ground balls. "Casey," says Billy,

"would glare at me and grit his teeth and cock his head over to one side—and *whack*—he'd drive me a hot one. I'd catch it and give him the limp wrist and throw it back."

That was the beginning of a mutual admiration society. Billy's truculence kindled a spark in the Old Roman's heart—where it burns hotly still. Billy thought Casey was a great man. "If Casey told me to run through a brick wall—I mean if he said, 'Billy, I think you can do it,' I'd give it a try. Casey doesn't kid me and I never lie to him. I think of Casey as a strong fellow, even if he's old. When I was with Oakland I got in a fight with a fellow and who do you suppose was the first guy out there swinging?—Casey. You respect Casey. Of course I needle him. Hey—I think I'll tell Casey—'Casey, gimme a piece of your oil wells, Casey. I deserve it, Casey. Look at my scars, Casey!'"

### SINK OR SWIM

Oakland signed Billy when he was 17 and shipped him off to sink or swim with Idaho Falls in the Pioneer League. "I didn't even have a pair of good pants," he says. "I didn't have a suitcase. They gave me some money to buy a pair of slacks. I snatched a mitt from the playfield and got on the train. I was lonely. The other players went into bars after the games but they wouldn't let me in. I was too young. But I got even. There was a real pretty girl who was a waitress in the restaurant where we ate. All the players were

trying to date her, but she wouldn't have any part of them. But one day I heard it was her birthday and I left a dollar on the table at breakfast. She said, 'You forgot a dollar.' I said, 'No, that's for your birthday.' She said, 'Do you mean that?' I said, 'Sure I mean it.' The next day when we were leaving on the bus she came out and said, 'Here's something for luck,' and gave me a big kiss. Did those players howl me! They thought I was pulling a fast one on them. I wasn't, though. I wasn't very fast with girls in those days. I was afraid of them."

It took only three more years to fabricate Billy Martin, New York Yankee. He went to Phoenix in the Arizona-Texas League in 1947. Unmarried players live in a Quonset hut inside the ball park and the team traveled enormous distances (to El Paso, Tucson, Juarez, Bisbee and Globe-Miami) jammed into two station wagons and with their gear bouncing along in trailers behind. At one roadside stop the cars halted beside a turkey farm. Billy was over the fence in a flash. "Oh, that turkey was tough," he says. "I didn't know they were so big and tough. But I finally got him wrapped up in my uniform and I got back into the station wagon with him. Arkie Biggs, the manager, was driving. Just before he stepped on the starter there was a silence. The turkey started fighting again. It made a noise: 'gurble gurble.' Arkie turned around and said, 'What's that?' Nobody said anything. He turned back and then the turkey got his head out of the sleeve and gurbled again. 'Put him back!' Arkie hollered. I said, 'Gosh, he's already scratched me up.' I was bleeding. But I couldn't keep him. We could have cooked him up in the Quonset hut."

Billy was triumphant, however, on the diamond. He batted .392, hit safely 230 times (a record), stole 31 bases, led the league in doubles (48) and in runs batted in (174). Casey called him back to Oakland, where in 1948, as the only youngster among a crew of hard-bitten veterans, he helped win the Oaks's first pennant in 21 years. One night he was spiked badly. "There was blood all over everything. They got me back in the dressing room and called a doctor from the stands and gave me a belt of straight whisky and four big guys held me down and he sewed it up. I didn't holler." Oakland might be called the Brooklyn of the West, and there was a certain Dodgerishness about the old A's. Their scarred wooden grandstand caught fire regularly during games and their customers



were raffishly critical. But Billy fitted in. He was ridden mercilessly by every bench jockey in the Coast League. His aplomb was unmarred. And he learned the arts of the infielder.

"I had an awful time playing third. I've got a good arm, but I'd just scoop up the ball and fire to first any old way. I didn't get set. It was awful—the ball would curve. I knew I had to change. I used to stand around with a



"TLL HOLLER IF I GET A BAD CALL"

mitt on my hand and practice grabbing the ball out of it with two fingers. Thousands of times. I got to throwing with my arm in close—snapping it like a catcher. Second base—I had to learn to make the double play. I always made it my way, though—I'll listen to advice but I only take advice that seems right to me. A good second baseman will make the double play even if he gets a bad throw. You've got to be in position for anything. I don't get mad if a base runner comes into second and tries to break up the play—he's supposed to do it. Sometimes I'll let him hit me, but I'll stand so he has to hit my left leg. He'll knock me down, but I throw off my right and so I get the ball away. You've got to know the runner. Is he fast? Is he slow?

"You have to study the batter. You've got to be where he's going to hit. You've got to get the jump on the ball. If we've got a fast-ball pitcher throwing, I'll play a right-handed batter to swing late on him. I'll play out in

*continued on next page*



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## BILLY MARTIN

continued from page 61

the hole toward first. But after six innings when the pitcher's getting tired, I'll play him to pull—I'll be near the bag. You've got to watch the batter's feet—if he shifts on me, I'll take off. There's a million things. I never go out to the bag but what I look at the grass to see if it's wet—wet grass or high grass makes the ball slower and you've got to jump it faster. I look at the flags to see if the wind has changed. I look at the sun so I'll know just where it is—every inning. I don't wear dark glasses. I look up for fly balls out of the corners of my eyes—with my head turned away a little. That way you don't get blinded—but you have to know where the sun is all the time. You've got to learn to play in the summer when you sweat so much the bat slips in your hand. You've got to play when you're hurt. I broke a blood vessel in 1953, and my hand turned black and I couldn't bend two of my fingers. But I put a pad of foam rubber on my hand and wore a golf glove backwards and I batted pretty good."

### MESSAGE FROM ON HIGH

Casey Stengel went to the Yankees in 1949. Late that year the Yankees bought Billy. "Nobody told me," says Billy. "I was playing second in a night game at Oakland and an advertising blimp came sailing over the ball park. It had an electric sign around the bottom—you know, with lighted letters that ran round it spelling out news events. I looked up and it said: 'BILLY MARTIN SOLD TO YANKEES.' I was kind of mad when I found out the rest. Oakland was paying me \$9,000. When I went to the Yankees the next year they only gave me \$6,000. But I knew I'd make it in New York. I never had any doubts about it."

Billy jauntily banged a double off Red Sox Pitcher Mel Parnell in his first time at bat as a Yankee; it was a big inning and he came up again with the bases loaded and hit a single. "Pretty good way to break in, kid," said Joe DiMaggio. Billy—although few of Billy's teammates had the grace to concede it at first—had just taken over the team. "They tried to ride me," says Billy. "Johnny Lindell—guys like that. All the other rookies would grin and act as though they liked it, but I gave it back to them. I found out some of them couldn't take it so good. After a while they left me alone." When Casey batted him eighth in the lineup he screamed: "What is this, a joke? Next



thing you'll be hating me after the groundskeeper." Billy was in the Army for five months in 1950 and 1951. He broke his leg in two places during spring training in 1952. But to say that he did not burst upon the American League like a basket of Roman candles, or galvanize the loftiest of his teammates, would be an understatement of fact.

Billy tangled with Red Sox Outfielder Jim Piersall ("He invited me under the stands and I hit him a couple and knocked him down"), he tangled with Detroit Catcher Matt Butta, he tangled with Clint Courtney of the Browns and before the dust had settled Allie Reynolds, Joe Collins, Gil McDougald and Billy Hunter of St. Louis had all joined in. "If you let anybody get the best of you in this game," cries Billy, "you're done."

Billy, in two words, took charge. "Somebody had to do it," he says. "The Yankees haven't had a captain since Lou Gehrig—maybe they don't want to pay the extra \$500. But I get mad when we're losing. I've just got to do something. I talk to Case about it too. I don't charge around getting in people's way. Take a pitcher like Vic Raschi. Vic hore down on every pitch. If you touched Vic when he was pitching it was like touching a red-hot iron. I'd never say a word to Vic. But pitchers that coast—I get mad. Allie Reynolds grinned at me once when a guy hit a double off him. I went up and said: 'You don't look so funny. He hit a double, didn't he?'"

"Billy," says Casey Stengel, "is usually right on the field—and players don't resent a fellow like that who is right. He helps them." Says Gil McDougald, with admiration: "Billy wants to win so bad that he'd run out and hit the pitcher over the head with his bat if that would help anything." Billy does the next best thing; he delivers in the pinches—and never more dramatically than in the 1953 World Series when he batted .500 and tied the alltime record of 12 hits. He treasures the memory of the last of them. He came to the plate in the ninth inning of the seventh game with the score tied 3-3, with two men on, and hit a single, while thousands cheered, to beat the Brooklyn Dodgers.

"We'll win it again this year," he says. "You'll see. They're all tough when they play us, but we'll be tough too. You know, I'm broke after two years in the Army. I liked the Army fine—I marched and mopped like anybody else. I was a killer. A rifleman. I shot the Tommy gun. I met a lot of nice

*continued on next page*

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**BILLY MARTIN**

*continued from page 63*

fellows in the Army. I'm sore at the draft board. If they threw me out of the Army the first time for having five dependents, why did they put me back again with the same five—my mother, my father, my sister, my ex-wife and my little girl? Because I got my name in the paper and they didn't have guts enough to stand having people ask why I wasn't in the service. I'm glad to serve my country—but why didn't they just leave me in the first time? It's tough on a baseball player. Right now I'm 27 years old and I've got nothing



**"I'M NOT AFRAID OF THESE BIG GUYS"**

in the world but my name and my daughter. But it's funny—I don't think about all that much. What I think about is winning the World Series.

"When we lost it last year," he says, darkly, "I cried. I cried. I hated myself for doing it but I couldn't help it. I should have hit late in that last game. Podres had been throwing me change-ups all day. But I should have known he'd throw me fast balls when the light started getting bad. I didn't think. I went into the back room after the game. I didn't want the fellows to see me. I bit the lockers with my fists but I couldn't stop crying. I don't want to feel that way again."

(END)



## THE SPECIAL BASEBALL ISSUE

Sir:

If there are any copies of your baseball issue still available would you let me know at your earliest convenience how I may receive three additional copies.

There are five of us, including two boys and a baseball-loving wife, and the one copy I brought home is not going to make it through the season.

Buffalo, N.Y.

E. J. DENZLER

• The baseball-loving Denzlers and the many many others who have written for additional copies of SI's special baseball issue to see them through the season may get them by sending 25¢ to Department 199, Sports Illustrated, 540 North Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill., where SI's presses are now printing extra copies.—ED.

Sir:

SI has done it again.

The baseball issue is a masterpiece, and is definitely one issue that will be used for future reference during the coming season.

It is without a doubt a most informative and enlightening edition especially as the material presented covers such a wide variety of interesting baseball news. In particular, SI's synopsis of the 16 major league clubs, which bears out the strength and weakness of each team, is excellent since it gives Joe Fan an idea of what to expect and to look for during the 1956 season.

KENNETH HUNGERFORD

Simsbury, Conn.

Sir:

This issue was a treat for the baseball fan who has just become interested in the game and the oldtimer who knows what it's all about.

And your CONVERSATION PIECE was in a class by itself with its warmth and intimacy.

EDWARD BETHEA

New York

Sir:

SI has rendered baseball lovers all over the world a wonderful preview as well as a refreshing, new glimpse at our national pastime.

SHELDON I. LONDON

Hanover, N.H.

Sir:

My sincere thanks for such a complete analysis of our American pastime—baseball!

I especially enjoyed Les Woodcock's statistical report on the events of the last decade. It is the most complete compilation of important facts of the game I have seen, and my gratitude goes out to him for the long hours of research it must have taken.

JACK SCHULZE

Atlanta

Sir:

Three cheers for that wonderful baseball issue! I haven't read the whole thing yet—I am taking it slowly so as not to miss a line, and you can be sure I will save this issue. I still have the very first SI.

Even though I haven't finished the article, I wanted to tell you right away that this lady baseball fan is as eagerly awaiting Opening Day as all the male fans. In fact I've sent to the stadium for the tickets on Opening Day. We'll probably freeze, but I've got to cheer for my guys and get them off to a good start!

The article *The Great American Game—1855* by Robert Creamer was one of the best! His description of suddenly hearing the baseball announcer's voice over the radio is so true! It is the loveliest sound—I wait all winter for it! Besides being anxious over the fate of my guys on any given day,

that wonderful game can certainly make the chores attached to caring and feeding of seven little Yankee rooters a whole lot easier!

ANGIE MEHRAN

Greenwich, Conn.

Sir:

We have in our house a baby boy of 15 months. On the same day that my husband brought home a copy of the April 9 edition of SI the baby got at it and tore it to shreds. It was really my fault for not keeping it out of his reach. I tried to replace it before my husband could miss it, but every



"Maybe it's the propylene glycol you don't go for."

newstand was sold out. My husband is Evid and he is carrying on a cold war with me until I secure another copy for him.

MRS. RUGGERO FIORILLO

New York

● See box above.—ED.

Sirs:

Your comparison of the major league fields was interesting. I have always been amazed that there is no standardization of the playing areas. Wouldn't football be a ridiculous contest if each field had varying dimensions?

It must have been a long and tedious job to compile all the facts in your baseball issue, but your staff should be congratulated on a memorable publication.

MAJOR JAMES A. CONROY, USAF

Biloxi, Miss.

Sirs:

I think it would be a good idea if you did the same thing at the beginning of the hockey and basketball seasons.

RICHARD S. ARKOW

Bay-side, N.Y.

Sirs:

It was a magnificent job and I think beautifully done from the standpoint of a fan. That is important. After all, baseball belongs to the fans and not to any small coterie of club owners, players or officials.

All good wishes.

FORD FRICK  
Commissioner of Baseball

New York

Sirs:

This little guy who has followed baseball day by day for more than half a century sends his warm congratulations to the publisher, managing editor, and all members of SI that contributed to your remarkable baseball issue (April 9). I know it was a gigantic task to assemble all of the material, but I say it was worth the time involved.

Congratulations

SID C. KESNER  
Director  
Baseball Hall of Fame

Cooperstown

Sirs:

YOUR BASEBALL SPECIAL BEST OF ITS KIND I'VE EVER READ. GOOD ENOUGH TO CARRY IN MY BRIFCASE ALL REASON.

GENE KELLY  
Sportscaster

Philadelphia

Sirs:

Sometimes your magazine irritates me with what seems, to me, excessive emphasis on the offbeat, exotic and (occasionally) not-sports-at-all. But you certainly gave the national pastime tremendous treatment.

BILL BOMI  
Sports Editor  
Spokane-Review

Spokane, Wash.

I LIKE BASEBALL, BUT . . .

Sirs:  
I have nothing against baseball but: Where is Mr. Capet? You can't put him out!

ALEXANDER D. HORNE

Lenox, Mass.

Sirs:

As always I turned to my favorite section first, your 19th Hole, to see what readers are thinking, only to find that you had omitted it. Baseball is fine, but let's put it this way: whatever you do, don't do it again.

GEORGE READING KINSLEY

Los Angeles

Sirs:

I am fond of baseball, but I love golf. I was most annoyed not to find a Tap Proow 7th Top in the baseball issue. I suggest you include two in the next issue to make some recompense for this omission.

FRANK MELLING

Atlanta

Sirs:

I am a big-league follower and enjoyed that part of the magazine very much. But I was very disappointed to find that it was necessary for you to leave out the schedule of sports events for the coming week.

I find this schedule very much a part of my sports life and consider its omission a big mistake.

WILLIAM C. HEN

Columbus, Ohio

Sirs:

Forgive me for being un-American but our great American game beers me. Couldn't your soft-pedal baseball just a bit. There must be a few people lurking in cellars who feel as I do.

LEWIS B. ABRONSKI

Upper Darby, Penn.

Sirs:

Too much baseball! No one sport deserves that much space ever.

L. W. SHENWOOD

Chicago

● Softly, please, you're speaking of the game we love.—ED.

I THINK YOU'RE WRONG

Sirs:

You state that the alltime American League batting champion was Nap Lajoie with a .422 in 1901 when playing for the Philadelphia A's. I think this is wrong and you should have said that it was George Sisler of the St. Louis Browns with a .420 in 1922.

LEWIS C. POPHAM III

Queque, Long Island

● Up to 1955 all record books gave Lajoie's 1901 batting average as .405. Last year a diligent researcher showed that an early typographical error reduced Nappy's real batting average of .422, higher than Ty Cobb's and George Sisler's .420.—ED.

SEVEN HITS AND NO RUN?

Sirs:

In *Facts for 40 Arguments* you had a puzzle concerning the number of hits possible (six) in any single inning without scoring a run. Now this is a little silly but strange things can happen. Suppose that all goes as SI explained up to the sixth hit in which a legitimate single is hit, and the runner comes in from third but steps over

continued on next page

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Continued from page 67

the plate instead of touching it. Because of the excitement and dust around the plate, no one but the umpire notices this. A new batter comes up, the seventh, and while he makes a legitimate single (the seventh hit) someone in the audience informs the catcher that the runner did not touch the plate, the catcher tags the previous batter, thus retiring the side before the next man from third get in. The side would be retired with seven hits and no run because the umpire has called the third out. No?

HENRY D. FRAZIER

Los Angeles

● No. Strange things can happen in baseball, but this is not one of them—for two reasons: Section 7.10 (d) of the official rules states that once a subsequent batter has been pitched to, an appeal cannot be made from an earlier play. Secondly, the catcher would not tag the previous batter but the erring runner or home plate.—ED.

## THE SMITHS

Sirs:

Jemall's HORNOX made it appear that both the St. Louis Cardinals and Baltimore Orioles are expecting the same young catcher, Hal Smith, to be the man to watch on their ball club this season.

ROBERT C. GAGEN JR.

Lakewood, Ohio

● There are two up-and-coming Hal Smiths in the majors. Harold Wayne Smith of the Orioles did a good job as regular catcher last season. Harold Smith, of the Cardinals, also a catcher, is a rookie this year.—ED.

## THE GREAT MCGRAW

Sirs:

Your question "Has a major league game ever been forfeited?" stirs up recollections. Some 50 years ago the New York Giants forfeited a game. There was a large crowd at the Polo Grounds, and the teams were ready to play. But the great John McGraw had denied the umpires, with whom he had been feuding, entrance to the Grounds!

Or has my memory been playing tricks?

J. B. CRAWFORD

Auburn, Ala.

● John McGraw was indeed the scourge of umpires in his day. Mrs. McGraw,

whose memory goes back to the old Baltimore Orioles, cannot recall that her husband ever went so far as to try to bar them from his ball park. As a matter of fact, a club manager may not interfere with an umpire properly assigned to a regular game by the league president, to whom alone he is responsible, but we are still tracking down this and other possibly forfeited games.—ED.

## "I REMEMBER . . ."

Sirs:

In *Baseball's Golden Decade* I note that an alttime record is held by Grover Cleveland Alexander who in 1915 had an earned run average of 1.22. This struck my eye because I remembered that Ferdie Schupp of the Giants in 1916 had a record of 0.90 for 39 games.

J. B. F. YOAK, JR.

Beckley, West Virginia

● Mr. Yoak is correct, but Schupp pitched only 140 innings in those 39 games. According to custom, a pitcher is not considered eligible for a record if he has pitched fewer than 154 innings in a season.—ED.

## LEGAL MIND

Sirs:

I haven't been able to set your baseball issue down, though I should be hitting the law books. I was, however, somewhat "surprised" to note that Joe Gordon, listed at age 33, must have indeed been a "boy wonder" since a rapid calculation would put him in the Yankee infield at the tender age of 14.

WILLIAM E. SCHUMAKER

Oregon City, Ore.

● In scouting the Detroit Tigers SI said: "Coaches are Joe Gordon (33), one of the AL's greatest infielders, who handles first base. . . ." The number after Gordon's name (and that of all other managers and coaches) is not his age (he is 41), but his uniform number.—ED.

## MY NOMINEE

Sirs:

Your baseball issue is a compact encyclopedia of the game. Thanks and congratulations on this accomplishment

## MR. CAPER



In addition to your other data about major league ball parks, I would nominate the one at Cleveland as the poorest operated of the dozen or so I have visited.

Direction signs are inadequate—none—would be more accurate a word—especially for strangers. Ticket holders are restricted to certain turnstiles, and they don't find out they are in the wrong one until they reach the gate and then have to start all over again. And an army of sweaty, shuffling peddlers keeps up a steady parade before your view, hawking beer out of cartons, but actually more intent on watching the game than serving the paying customers.

GEORGE O. HACKETT

Dearborn, Mich.

#### CASEY'S REVENGE

St. Louis

I've always liked Ernest Thayer's *Casey at the Bat*. I enjoyed it even more as I read it again in *SI* of last week (April 9).

I found a poem written by Grantland Rice in which Casey has his revenge. I think that in all fairness to Casey, this one also should be printed.

JOEL SIBITSKY

Springfield, Mass.

#### CASEY'S REVENGE BY GRANTLAND RICE

There were saddened hearts in Mudville for a week or even more.

There were muttered sobs and curses—every fan in town was sore.

"Just think," said one, "how soft it looked with Casey at the bat."

"And to think he'd go and spring a back league truck like that."

All his past fame was forgotten—he was now a hopeless "chump."

They called him "Stinker-out Casey," from the mayor down the lane;

And as he came to bat each day his bosom heaved a sigh.

While a look of hopeless fury shone in Casey's eye.

He soon began to culk and loaf—his batting eye went lame.

No home runs on the score card now were chalked against his name.

The fans without exception gave the manager no peace.

For one and all kept clamoring for Casey's quick release.

The lane is long, someone has said, that never turns again.

And Fate, though fickle, often gives another chance to men.

And Casey smiled—his rugged face no longer wore a frown.

The pitcher who had started all the trouble came to town.

All Mudville had assembled—10 thousand fans had come.

To see the twirler who had put big Casey on the bum;

*continued on next page*

by AJAY



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10th  
HOLE

continued from page 69

And when he stepped into the box the multi-tude went wild.

He doffed his cap in proud disdain—but Casey only smiled.

"Play ball!" the umpire's voice rang out—and then the game began.

But in that throng of thousands there was not a single fan.

Who thought that Mudville had a chance, and with the setting sun.

Their hopes sank low—the rival team was leading "four to one."

The last ball of the ninth came round with no change in the score.

But when the first man up hit aside the crowd began to roar;

The din increased—the echo of 10 thousand shouts was heard.

When the pitcher hit the second and gave "four balls" to the third.

Three men on base—nobody out—three runs to tie the game!

A triple meant the highest alibi in Mudville's hall of fame;

But here the rally ended and the gloom was deep as night.

When the fourth one "foaled to esother" and the fifth "flew out to right."

A dismal, growling chorus came—a howl was on each face—

When Casey walked up, bat in hand, and slowly took his place.

His bloodshot eyes in fury gleamed—his teeth were clenched in hate;

He gave his cap a vicious hook and pounded on the plate.

The pitcher smiled and cut one loose—across the plate it sped—

Another howl—another groan—"Strike one," the umpire said.

Zip! Like a shot the second curve broke just below his knee—

"Strike two!" the umpire roared aloud—but Casey made no plea.

No reacting for the umpire now—his was an easy lot;

But here the pitcher whirled again—was that a rule shot?

A whack—a crack—and out through space the leather pellet flew;

A blot against the distant sky—a speck against the blue.

Above the fence in center field in rapid whirling flight.

The sphere sailed on—the blot grew dim and then was lost to sight;

Ten thousand bats were thrown in air—10 thousand threw a fit—

But no one ever found the ball that mighty Casey hit!

Oh! somewhere in this favored land dark clouds may hide the sun,

And somewhere bands no longer play and children have no fun;

And somewhere over blighted loves there hangs a heavy pall;

But Mudville hearts are happy now—for Casey hit the ball.

REPRINTED FROM "THE OFFICIAL  
ENCYCLOPEDIA OF BASEBALL,"  
A. B. BARNES & CO.

ANOTHER ALMOST

Sim:

In your baseball quiz you give credit to Bob Feller for the only no-hitter on Opening Day and then mention Ames who had a no-hitter going for 9½ innings in 1969, but you fail to mention Robin Roberts who last year on Opening Day against the Giants had a no-hitter for 9½ innings. With one out in the ninth Dusty Rhodes reached first on an error by Hammer, and then Alvin Dark singled through the hole on the hit-and-run. The Giants then scored two

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runs off of Robin, but Robin and the 1941 Red won it 4-2.

JACK PINHEIRO

Philadelphia

● Fan Pinheiro's memory is clear but his arithmetic is cloudy. —ED.

#### UNCLE FRANK

Sir:

You stated that Allie Reynolds led the American League with a 19-8 record for a .704 percentage. However, I wish to correct you, My Uncle Frank Shea in 1947 had 14-6 for a .735 percentage.

RALPH CONWAY

Springfield, Mass.

● A Pat on the Back to Uncle Frank, but SI followed standard practice in compiling its Leading Pitchers percentages only from those pitchers who won 15 games or more. —ED.

#### RESPONSIBLE PARTY

Sir:

In your article on major league fields you state of Forbes Field, "Owner Barney Dreyfuss was so sure the club would win the 1938 pennant that he had Series pressboxes built. The Pirates finished second."

My grandfather, Barney Dreyfuss, died in 1932. The additional press box was constructed in 1938 by William E. Benswanger, Mr. Dreyfuss' son-in-law and president of the Pirates from 1932 to 1945.

WM. D. BENSWANGER

Pittsburgh

#### BES AND BRAVES

Sir:

It is my recollection that some time within the past 15 years the Boston entry in the National League was known officially as Boston Bees, then changed to the Boston Braves. When were the names in force?

MARTIN L. COYNE

New York

● Before 1912 the Boston team was known variously as the Doves, Red Caps and Beaneaters. The nickname "Braves" was suggested by John Montgomery Ward in 1912 and was used until 1936 when sportswriters and fans voted for a change to "Bees." In 1941 stockholders officially rechristened their club the Braves. —ED.

#### SOME SAY . . .

Sir:

Who was the Yankee catcher in the 1947 World Series and who was catching when Jackie Robinson stole his first base in the series? Some say it was Yogi, and I say it was Aaron Robinson. Who's right?

CALVIN R. LEWIS

Athens

● Yogi Berra caught the first, second and fourth games, shared the catching duties with Sherm Lollar in the third game. Aaron Robinson was the Yankee catcher in the fifth game, both he and Sherm Lollar caught the sixth, and Robinson finished for the Yankees in the seventh. Jackie Robinson stole second base in the first inning of the first game with Berra catching. —ED.

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Pete Spence  
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## **PAT ON THE BACK**

### **THE REYNOLDSSES**

Dr. Earle Reynolds, an anthropologist from Yellow Springs, Ohio, is making a family affair of his boyhood dream of sailing around the world. The doctor, his wife and their two children, Ted, 17, and Jessica, 11, are shown here on arrival in Sydney, Australia after sailing 16,000 miles in the last 18 months. Dr. Reynolds, a member of the Atomic Bomb Casualty Commission in Hiroshima, and family started out from Japan in their specially built ketch, sailed first to Hawaii, then south to Samoa, New Zealand and Australia. They should reach the U.S. by way of South Africa next spring. "One advantage of a trip of this kind," says Mrs. Reynolds, "is that I don't have to worry about teaching Jessica geography."



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